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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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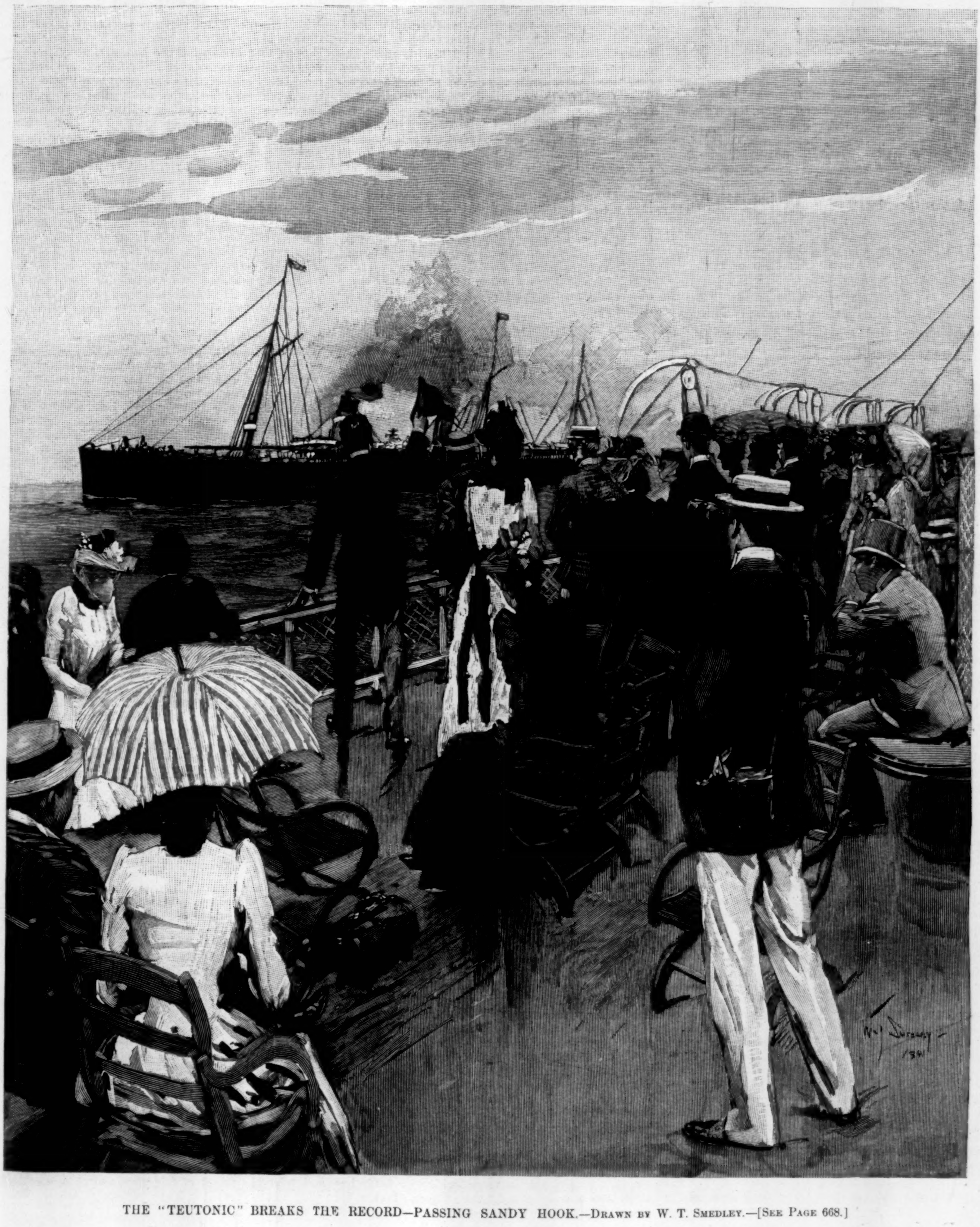

THE "TEUTONIC" BREAKS THE RECORD—PASSING SANDY HOOK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 668.]

6.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1810.

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THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

THE article in the last issue of the WEEKLY by Mr. RICARDO TRUMBULL upon the civil war in Chili is one of the most accurate and complete statements yet published. The war arose from the necessity of deciding whether the action of President BALMACEDA in overthrowing the Constitution should be condoned or resisted. There was no pretence of public motives in his action. The Constitution does not permit a re-election, and the President, in order to advance interests of his own, sought by the exercise of every power that he could command to designate his successor, and he is charged with resorting to criminal means. The ministry, apprised of his intrigues, resigned. But the attempt of BALMACEDA to gain a majority in Congress failed, and he named a new ministry friendly to Congress, which provided for carrying on the government. This displeased the President, who dismissed Congress, and named a ministry subservient to himself, and refused to call an extra session of Congress in obedience to the lawful demand of the body created for the purpose of advising extraordinary sessions. But on the 1st of June, 1890, the Congress met according to law, and censured the ministry, which by the same law as in England and the law of custom should have resigned. The ministry refused; but, unable to face the storm of public indignation, without attempting to justify itself, fled.

Congress thereupon refused to provide for the government. The President retorted by wholesale dismissals in the military and civil service, and the organization of armed ruffians to intimidate members of Congress. Leading citizens besought him not to precipitate the country into war, and at a critical moment the news of the revolution in the Argentine Republic alarmed BALMACEDA, and he yielded so far as to dismiss the obnoxious ministry, and to name one in sympathy with Congress. Congress and the ministry proposed at once a change in the electoral law which would have checked the President's efforts to control the choice of his successor. BALMACEDA therefore quarrelled with the Prime Minister, and the ministry resigned. He summoned a ministry of his followers, which instantly dismissed Congress. BALMACEDA then terrified and corrupted for his own ends the civil service and the army, and undertook, but in vain, to bribe the navy. Public meetings were interdicted, the press was intimidated; illegal arrests and imprisonments followed. Congress was not permitted to assemble, and on the 1st of January of this year BALMACEDA declared in a proclamation that in order to preserve public order he had been compelled to violate the Constitution. This was the end of law, and the people took up arms. The Congress solemnly deposed the President upon a detailed statement of his crimes against the Constitution and the state. The fleet declared for the Congressional party, and on the 7th of January sailed from Valparaiso, carrying the committee of Congress, the Vice-President of the Senate, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, empowered to restore constitutional order.

The people had no arms, and could not rise effectively against the army. The navy could take little active part, because it would not destroy the ports or any other property of citizens of the country. But the deserters from the army of the Dictator brought arms enough to enable the Congressional party to undertake the capture of the northern provinces, in which it has had almost constant success. Meanwhile BALMACEDA outlawed Congress, and ordered elections for a Constituent Assembly, and by a proclamation assumed all public power. The Congressional party now occupies the northern half of Chili, which yields more than two-thirds of the revenue of the country. Its government is well organized, and commands the entire respect of foreigners and Chilians. The territory is in undisputed possession, and commercial relations are maintained with all nations. All this is very different from the realm of the Dictator, which is held under a reign of terror. The claim of the Congressional party is that the character of the government; the extent of territory occupied; the amount of revenue derived; the wealth, character, and intelligence of its supporters; the strength of its naval and land forces; its foreign commerce, all taken together, are a combination of circumstances which entitles its government to be recognized as belligerents. The revolution is not a revolt against constituted authority, but the usurpation of a tyrant who, by the latest accounts, has issued twelve millions of fifty-cent paper money, making it legal tender, and is forcing everybody into the ranks of his army. The question for our government to decide in considering the recognition of belligerency is whether the Congressional party is effectively equal to that of BALMACEDA. It is undeniable that the facts so far as known seem to justify that view.

THE SILVER CLOUD.

EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE is reported as saying that the next Congress will pass a free-coinage bill, and that the President will be greatly embarrassed by it. Mr. MILLS, one of the most prominent candidates for the Speakership, is in favor of such a bill, but he thinks that it would be bad policy to make the question a prominent one before the election of next year. These two gentlemen are among the most eminent of Democratic leaders, and they are both from the part of the country in which the Democratic party is strongest. Their remarks show the disposition of the party in regard to the currency, which is also shown by the declaration of the Ohio Democratic Convention. Mr. CARLISLE's observation about the President discloses a singular misapprehension of the actual situation. The passage of a bill tampering with the currency and disastrously disturbing business everywhere, even although its adoption in the Senate should be due to a few free-silver Republican Senators from the new States, would furnish the President with an opportunity to appeal to the sound and patriotic sentiment of the country, which he would promptly embrace, and which would give him a stronger hold upon the intelligence of the country than he has ever had.

Republican decadence is seen in nothing more plainly than in the inclination to coquet with this question. The free-silver leaders in the Senate are Republicans. There is apparently a large body in the Republican party in the West which supports them. There is a marked disposition in many Republican papers either to advocate free coinage, or to insist that if the party as such cannot be considered sound, yet that the Democratic party is much unsounder. This is a form of the baby act upon which formerly Republicans would not have relied. There was a time when they would not have said that however bad they might be, the Democrats were worse. It is a droll position for a party to take that it will not do so much harm to a fundamental public interest as its opponent. A thief with one hand may be able to steal less than a thief with two hands, but he is a comical apostle of the commandment not to steal. The passage of the free-silver bill in the Senate shows that there is only a difference of degree upon this subject between the two parties.

The immediate danger, however, as Mr. CARLISLE's remark shows, is from the Democrats. It is universally agreed that Mr. CLEVELAND's frank and manly and unanswerable silver letter alienated a considerable part of his party. But Mr. SHERMAN's, on the other hand, has probably strengthened him, upon the whole, among Republicans. This shows that there is a larger proportion of sound views of the currency in the Republican than in the Democratic party. This is the fact which shows that Mr. MILLS's remark upon the impolicy of making free silver a prominent issue springs from a clear perception of the situation. But Mr. MILLS, who avows his own free-silver views, seems to forget that the record which his party has made and is making upon the subject, whether the question is more prominent or not, must necessarily affect the vote next year. The disposition and sentiments of a party upon one vital subject are not changed by the fact that it is brought into power upon another. The new House of Representatives was elected largely upon the issue of the tariff. But many votes which members of the majority received would have been withheld had the tendency of the party to which they are attached been as evident last year as it is this year. When Congress meets, it will be remembered that the Senate passed a free-silver coinage act at the last session, and that the Democratic ex-Speaker anticipates the passage of such an act by the new House. Efforts to prevent it cannot hide the fact that the House, in the judgment of so shrewd a leader, is ready for it. This fact alone is of very great importance in its effect upon political prospects and upon individual voters.

MR. REED'S VIEWS.

MR. REED of Maine recently said to the Portland Club, which welcomed him upon his return from Europe, that in Europe the love of liberty has advanced almost as far as in this country, and that we must bestir ourselves if we mean to keep ahead. He thinks that our Constitution was framed by those who largely distrusted the people, and that other restraints upon the will of the people grew up under the domination of slavery in the national government. Among these, as we presume from the report of an interview with him published in the *World*, Mr. REED includes the practice of permitting Representatives in Congress not to vote when they are in their places in the House—a practice which, we were told during his Speakership, enables a minority to thwart a majority. But when Mr. REED and the Republicans were the minority they alleged, and justly alleged, that a majority must exert its power directly, and not by counting in a minority as part of itself. This assertion Mr. REED is now apparently disposed to regard as revolutionary, but perhaps permissible to a Republican minority in dealing with a Democratic majority, but not *vice versa*.

In his speech at Portland, Mr. REED further remarked that in no other country is the average of comfort and happiness so high as in the United States, and that this agreeable result is due, not to Tenterden steeple, but to protection and a free ballot, or "the right never to be governed without his own consent." Mr. REED holds that a protective tariff secures a fair distribution of riches, and a force bill fair equality before the law, and he concluded that they assure the Republican party against any permanent disaster. Temporary disasters, like that of the last autumn, he probably ascribes to ignorance. Mr. REED did not mention the force bill, but his remarks implied that measure. In saying, "Give to every man the comforts which he needs to make life agreeable, and thus distribute the greatest amount of happiness, and thus give to every man his fair equality before the law, his right to make out of himself all that he can, and above all things the right never to be governed without his own consent," he says only what every genuine American desires and seeks to accomplish. But as this is not Republican in a partisan sense, but American in the truest sense, and he was speaking as a Republican, he meant especially to praise the Republican methods of achieving this result, and they are high protection and the force bill. Reciprocity Mr. REED did not mention in his Portland speech, but described graphically on shipboard as commerce conducted by official correspondence.

Now it has occurred to some of Mr. REED's fellow-citizens that putting a high tax on the raw materials of their labor, and adding to the price of their necessaries of life, is not to distribute equally the greatest amount of happiness among them, and that to create a local bitterness of feeling against a class of citizens without the ability to protect them against the inevitable consequences of our act is not to give to every man his fair equality before the law. Those who are of this opinion may be mistaken. But they cannot be accused of the desire to deprive their fellow-citizens either of comforts or of rights. As Mr. REED truly says, these principles of action and the faithful pursuit of these objects are sure in the long-run to lead on to that victory which alone is worth the pursuit of a great people. But the manner in which that victory is to be won is a question of expedients. Mr. REED and his fellow-Americans are divided in judgment not upon the end, but the means. Even mugwumps do not aim at the equal distribution of the greatest amount of unhappiness, or at the largest unfair inequality before the law. We have even known opponents of the force bill who were not anxious that the colored voters should be either bulldozed or cheated at the polls. Their opposition must have been distressing to purists in politics, like QUAY, CLARKSON, WANAMAKER, and DUDLEY, but, however gravely in error, they were not enemies of their kind. Indeed, all Americans are tolerably proud of fair play, and to secure fair play, not to prevent it, is the purpose of their politics.

SPOILS IN BALTIMORE.

Commissioner Roosevelt's report on the violation of the civil service law in Baltimore is exceedingly interesting. The offence grew out of a fight of Republican factions—the office-seekers against the office-holders, the "outs" against the "ins." Mr. Roosevelt remarks:

> "As a whole, the contest was marked by great fraud and no little violence. At present the ordinary office-seeking ward-workers and a very large percentage of office-holders have grown to believe that it is part of the natural order of things that those who hold or seek to hold the offices should exercise the controlling influence in political contests. The civil service law is doing much to disabuse them of the fact, and the further it can be extended and the more rigidly it can be executed the healthier the result will be. The ward-worker, who is simply in politics for the offices, is a curse to the community, and the sooner this is recognized the better. His political activity is purely unhealthy and mischievous. Take it out of the power of any politician to give him any office, and he will cease from his noxious labors in a very short space of time. As for the government office-holder, he must be taught in one way or another that his duty is to do the work of the government for the whole people, and not to pervert his office for the use of any party or any faction."

The investigation showed that the law has been observed faithfully in the Custom-house, except that the Collector has exercised on political grounds his right of choice among the candidates certified to him for appointment. This practice is wholly opposed to the purpose of the law, and, Mr. Roosevelt justly thinks, calls for severe rebuke, and, if continued, for prompt punishment. But the influence of the Post-office and Marshal's office has been used to control primary elections, and they have made systematic efforts to assess the employés for political purposes. After thorough inquiry, Mr. Roosevelt recommends the dismissal of twenty-five employés who have been shown to be guilty of violating the law.

> "I am well aware," says Mr. Roosevelt, "that in recommending so many removals there is a semblance of harshness, and that among these men there may be a few who have some apparent claims to indulgence. While a large proportion are evidently simply local professional politicians, with very low standards of morals, others are apparently reputable men, who acted as they did partly from real ignorance as to the law, but mainly because they did not believe the law would be or was in truth intended to be enforced, and the abuses which appear to have flourished in the Federal offices in Baltimore under the late administration made this belief on their part by no means unreasonable. Nevertheless, I adhere to my recommendation of dismissal in every case above specified, for I am satisfied that only by a severe lesson will this class of offenders be taught to respect the law, and I consider a few instances of hardship to individuals a less evil than it is to have this law generally evaded, and often brought into public contempt by the impunity with which it may be even openly violated."

The report has been adopted by the commissioners, and submitted to the President.

This is the spirit and this the method which reform. The first thing to do in offices like the large custom-houses and post-offices, in which the spoils system has long run riot, is to show beyond any doubt that the civil service law is not a sham nor a trick, but a law, like every other law on the statute-book, to be violated at the peril of the offender. It is certainly a bad augury for the new régime at the New York Custom-house not only that the new Collector was appointed at the instance of Mr. Platt, but that he delayed entering upon his duties in order to take part in a factional party squabble.

THE NEW YORK "TIMES" IN 1884.

In an article upon its late proprietor, Mr. George Jones, the New York *Times* speaks of his course in 1884 in terms which are most fitting. The moral effect of the refusal of the great Republican journal to support the Presidential nomination of the party was immense. The nature of the slavery contest, followed by the civil war, had made party allegiance seem to be a sacred duty; and the prompt announcement of the *Times* on the day after the nomination that it would bolt, although plainly intimated before the nomination was made, was the most signal illustration of political independence for a generation.

The sacrifice involved in such a course was undoubtedly great, but the power gained by the sacrifice is very much greater. Mr. Depew, in his speech at the *Tribune* centenary, spoke lightly of the independent press. But the *Times* was never so truly influential as it is to-day. Indeed, there could be no greater political misfortune to the country than the disappearance of the independent press. Were the independent journals silenced or transformed into party organs, the loss would be equally irreparable.

Party division and organization are inevitable in a free country. But it is none the less true that party spirit is the most despotic and dangerous foe of liberty. Like fire or electricity, it is an agent which requires the most incessant observation and most inflexible regulation. When the *Times* "bolted" in 1884, it showed that patriotism was stronger than partisanship. It disposed of the sophistry that because a man agrees more with one party than another he must confound his party with his country, and permit it to silence his conscience and enslave his mind. Among the many titles of Mr. Jones and the *Times* to honor and remembrance, the course of the paper in 1884 is not the least.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE STATE CONVENTIONS.

In agreement with the suggestion of Mr. Wendell Garrison to which we lately alluded, the St. Louis *Post Despatch* says that "if State Conventions of both parties would make it a rule to name their candidates for United States Senator in connection with their State legislative nominations, the election of Senators would be brought as near to the people as that of President is, and we believe the result would be a great improvement in the Senate." It must be conceded, we suppose, that the advantage anticipated by the fathers in the scheme of electing delegates to make appointments has not been generally gained. The Council of Appointment in New York was so obnoxious that the desire to abolish it was the chief cause of the assembly of the Convention of 1821, which framed the second State Constitution. The body of Presidential electors obeys implicitly in every State the mandate of the Convention which nominates it.

Why should not the Legislature, which is the body of delegates chosen to elect a Senator, equally obey the popular direction? If, indeed, the Legislature acted solely upon large public grounds, the choice of Senators might be well intrusted to it. But it is no better a representative of the people than the State Convention of the parties, while the opportunities of corruption are very much greater in the Legislature than in the Convention.

If some delegate in both the approaching State Conventions in New York should arise at the proper moment and move to refer to the Committee on Resolutions, with instructions to report before the adjournment of the Convention, a resolution recommending a candidate for the Senatorship, the passage of the resolution by a decisive vote would have great influence upon the Legislature, and the action would soon become an unwritten law. It would save enormous corruption and lobbying at Albany, and enable the Legislature to do something else than to intrigue for the election of a Senator. Mr. Hiscock urged constantly in the last Congress that the ratification of the Republican platform of 1888 by the election of Mr. Harrison was a mandate to Congress to pass the McKinley bill. So the declaration of the State Convention, and the election of Assemblymen in harmony with it, would secure the Senator for whom the successful party had pronounced, and without lobbying. Who will begin the good work?

A BUST OF HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, like his predecessor De Witt Clinton, took particular interest in the history of the State, and by recalling upon suitable occasions its great events and its local interests, sought to stimulate the public spirit which has sometimes seemed to languish among New-Yorkers His letter on occasion of the centenary of the inauguration of the State government at Kingston, his address at Oriskany, his speech upon the Indian confederation, and his oration on the field of Burgoyne's surrender, are contributions to the history of the State which are public services.

Governor Seymour was fitly selected as the president of the Saratoga Monument Association, and at the late annual meeting Mr. W. L. Stone, the devoted secretary of the association, presented to the board of trustees, on behalf of the present president, Hon. John H. Starin, who was unable to be present, a bronze bust of Governor Seymour, by Mr. Bissell, to be placed on the monument at Schuylerville. Mr. Stone mentioned the interesting fact that when Governor Seymour was compelled by increasing illness to resign the presidency of the association, he summoned the secretary to urge upon the association the selection of Mr. Starin as his successor, because, besides his general ability and energy, his successful efforts as Representative in Congress to secure the appropriation in aid of the memorial had shown his deep and effective interest in the patriotic project.

Congress, at the instance of Hon. John Sanford, has loaned to the association for the decoration of the grounds about the monument the cannon captured from Burgoyne at the surrender, and it is confidently hoped that at its next session Congress will appropriate a suitable sum for the dedication of the monument. The gift of the bust of Governor Seymour is the graceful act of his generous successor, to whose liberality and energy in the prosecution of the memorial of the most interesting military event in New York the State is greatly indebted. The evacuation of the city by the British army is in itself undoubtedly a greater historic incident, but the surrender of Burgoyne was, in an important sense, the cause of the evacuation.

NEW ENGLISH-SPEAKING NATIONS.

Many years ago Goldwin Smith, when Professor of Modern History at Oxford, concluded a lecture upon the foundation of the American colonies by these eloquent words:

> "In signing away his own empire over America George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue. But though the wound may heal—and that it may heal ought to be the desire of the whole English name—history can never cancel the fatal page which robs England of half the glory and half the happiness of being the mother of a great nation."

Of late he seems somewhat to have doubted the speedy healing of the old wound, and fancies it, we think, more gaping than it is. But the regret so nobly expressed in these words is shared by many of the most intelligent of the English-speaking race. England herself has profited by the lesson of the American Revolution. She will never attempt again, probably, to hold a distant colony by force. As colonies mature into nations, as large and prosperous and homogeneous colonies are sure to do, they will drop off the parent stock like ripe fruit.

Mr. David Christie Murray points out, in a recent paper to the *Contemporary Review*, that this is the situation in Australia. That remote and truly imperial colony is conscious of its own separate life, which, as Mr. Murray says, is developing an antagonism of feeling toward the mother country. The Australian Native Association is the nucleus of this feeling, and nothing would be less surprising than a peaceful political separation. But there need be no national severance, as in our case, of the traditional feeling for England. She may be still regarded, as Germany is regarded by our German fellow-citizens, with pride and affection. Although the visible sceptre be broken here and there, yet, under another flag, the morning drum-beat which Webster heard, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, may still circle the globe with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. That would mean the globe encircled by fraternal constitutional states.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Atkinson, the eccentric member of Parliament for Boston, gave a dinner to some friends last week on the terrace of the House. The night was warm, and he wore so light an overcoat that he forgot it when he left the House, and left it lying over the back of the chair in which he had been sitting. There was $65,000 in notes and securities in the inner breast pocket of the coat, and the coat remained in the night air until morning, when a sweeper rolled it up and tucked it away on a shelf. Mr. Atkinson was at the House by nine o'clock, and found his valuables intact.

—The Countess Clancarty, who was Lady Dunlo, and who was before that Belle Bilton, a music-hall singer, is not making her youthful husband's efforts to force her into her new part at all easy. At Homburg, week before last, the Duchess of Rutland approached her before all the smart people assembled at the tennis-courts to make peace, which the younger woman rendered impossible by remaining seated while the older woman spoke to her, notwithstanding the obvious agony of her boy husband. Everybody present was properly shocked, and Renshaw, who was playing, served two faults.

—Memorial services were held on August 15th in honor of the late James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey. Archdeacon Farrar presided, and delivered a glowing tribute to the dead poet. The solemn proceedings were somewhat marred by a crazy woman attempting to sing a comic song while the organist was playing the Dead March in *Saul*, but she was soon quieted.

—For a year and over "The Woman about Town" column in the New York *Evening Sun* has been read with pleasure by men and women who do not look for such a delicate high tone and such clever uses of good English in the columns of a daily paper. The anonymous woman is Miss Helen Watterson, and her engagement to marry in a few weeks Mr. W. S. Moody, Jun., the editor of the Sunday *Recorder*, has as much pleased those who know them personally as it will displease all who may soon no longer find Miss Watterson's *obiter dictas* in their evening paper.

—Mrs. French Sheldon, the English explorer, suffered greatly from her trip into the interior of Africa, and is said to be but a shadow of her former self. She was not only ill, but at one point in her journey one of the bearers of her palanquin slipped, and she was precipitated down a rocky embankment into a river, receiving severe bruises and being nearly drowned.

—*Le Figaro* of the 8th of August comments most appreciatively on M. Rosny's article which appeared in Harper's Magazine for August, and devotes over three columns to selections from it.

—Lord Tennyson observed his eighty-second birthday recently at his summer home in Freshwater, Isle of Wight, and received many letters and messages of affection and congratulation. A concert was given at Freshwater in honor of the event, and the poet's songs, set to music by Lady Tennyson, were sung. The poet lives in the strictest retirement now, and rarely uses his pen, his son carrying on his correspondence.

—William Hayward, the oldest jockey on the turf, now has a stable of his own at Eatontown, New Jersey, and is worth $60,000. The horses he rode won more than $1,000,000 in stakes and purses.

—Barrett Browning, son of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, lives in a palace in Venice, and is a painter as well as a sculptor. His home is filled with the furniture and books which his illustrious father and mother used, and on the walls hang their portraits taken at different periods in their lives.

—Mr. Blaine's fortune is estimated at about $750,000, a friend of his says, and much of it is invested in railroads and mining properties.

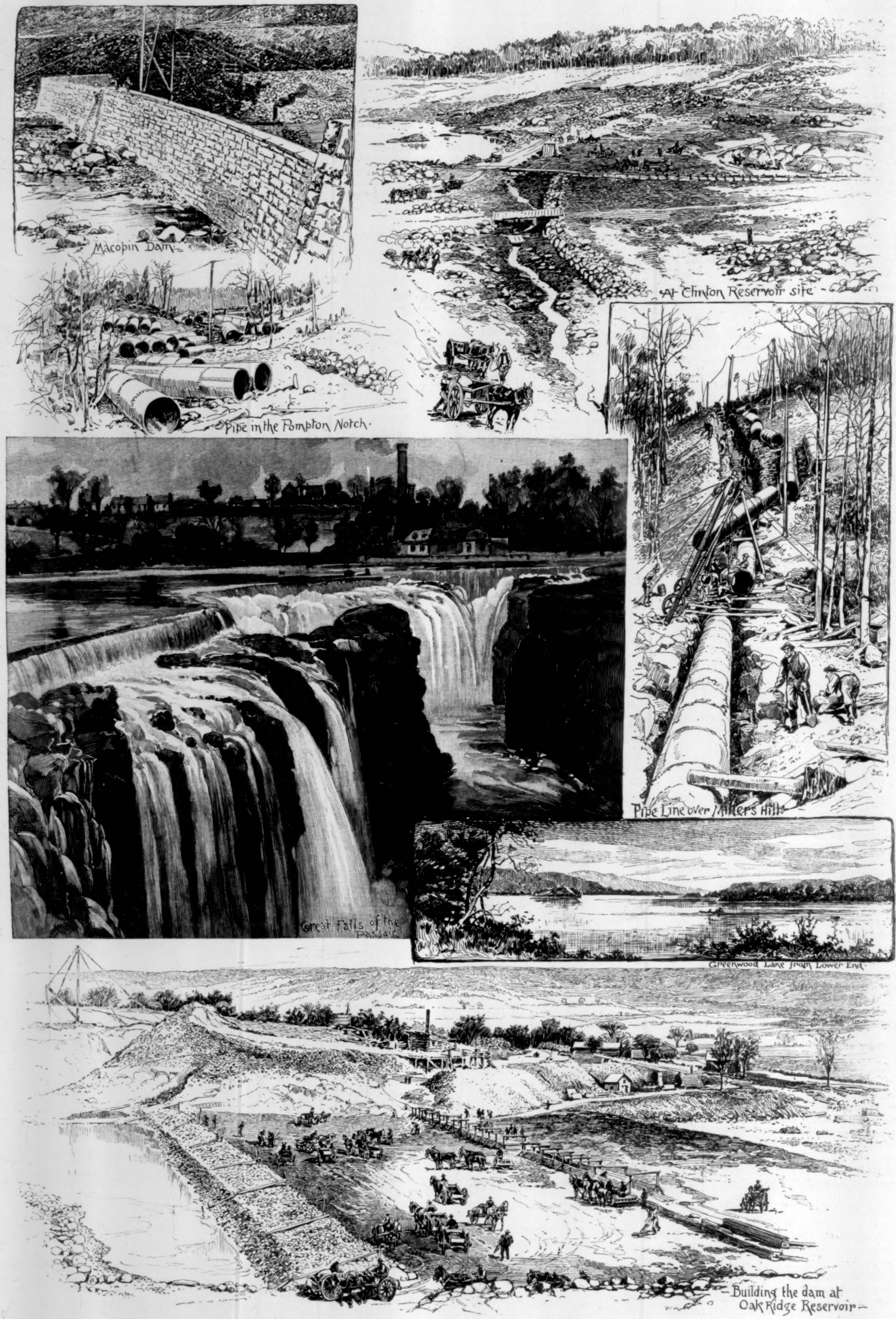
—Samuel Kitson, the Boston sculptor, has a partiality for religious subjects, his first marble being "Rebecca at the Well," and his second, "Isaac." He has recently completed a portrait bust of Judge Charles Devens, President Hayes's Attorney-General, and is now at work on a bust of John Boyle O'Reilly.

—M. Rouvier, the French Minister of Finance, was travelling salesman for a Paris bookseller when he was a young man. Having acquired considerable wealth, he went into politics in 1869, and gained the friendship of Gambetta. After the fall of the empire he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and since then he has pushed steadily to the front.

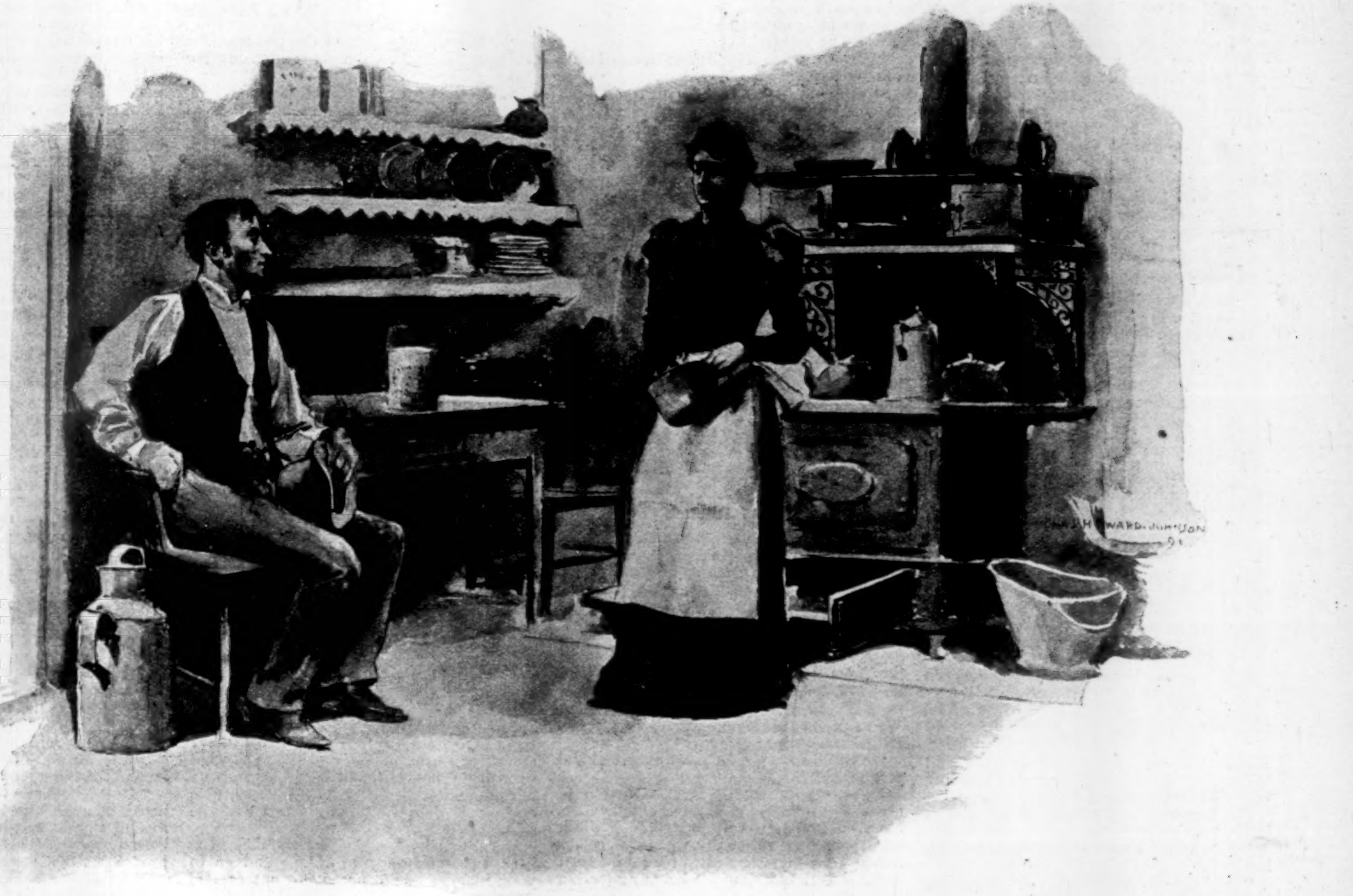
—Mark Twain is an inveterate smoker, and it is said that he consumes three hundred cigars a month, besides drawing much consolation from his pipe.

—James Russell Lowell's house at Cambridge, "Elmwood," was built by an old Tory merchant whose property was confiscated early in the Revolution. It stands near the entrance to Mount Auburn cemetery, and from its windows there is a beautiful view of the Charles River and its meadows.

—At the Sea-side Assembly last week at Avon-by-the-Sea Professor Hamlin Garland, of Boston, delivered the morning lecture on W. D. Howells. What he said was so exactly what many others have long thought that they will be glad to see their own ideas so publicly and so aptly put. "No man," Mr. Garland said, "stands for a more vital principle than does Mr. Howells. He stands for modern spirit, sympathy, and truth. He believes in the progress of ideals, the relative in art. His definition of realism cannot be improved upon—'the truthful treatment of material.' It is absurd to call him photographic. The photograph is false in perspective, in light and shade, in focus. When a photograph can depict atmosphere and sound, the comparison will have some meaning, and then it will not be used as a reproach. *A Modern Instance* is the greatest, most rigidly artistic novel ever written by an American, and ranks with the great novels of the world. The test of the value of Mr. Howells's work will come fifty years from now, when his sheaf of novels will form the most accurate, sympathetic, and artistic study of American society yet made by an American. He stands for all that is progressive and humanitarian in our fiction, and his following increases each day. His success is very great, and it will last."


Macopin Dam
At Clinton Reservoir site
Pipe in the Pompton Notch
Pipe Line over Millers Hill
Great Falls of the Passaic
Greenwood Lake from Lower End
Building the dam at Oak Ridge Reservoir

THE PASSAIC WATER-SHED, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker after Photographs.—[See Page 658.]



A REASON FOR EMIGRATION.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

THE milk-wagon that made its round in Burnham in the evening was going slowly up High Street. George Dunton, the driver, was whistling a familiar tune. On either side grew great spreading elms, the branches interlaçing in a green arch. The street was full of the soft light of the early evening. Between the houses the western sky was bright with the after-lights of a brilliant sunset. The houses on High Street were comfortable two-story wooden buildings of modern architecture, painted in the modern combinations of yellow and green and dull red. The idea of unfenced yards had found favor in Burnham. The houses stood a short distance back from the street, with lawns well shaven and green, and the useful black concrete walks leading straight up to the front doors. Burnham was in every respect a modernized suburban town. The trains from Boston dashed across the foot of High Street, and stopped at the little Queen Anne station every half-hour.

At the upper end of High Street was a large old-fashioned white house with green blinds, standing far back in an old-fashioned yard, with high grass and a gravel-walk. A great lilac-bush grew on either side of the gate, covered with blossoms, and the yard was full of syringa-bushes and flowering-almond.

When the milk-wagon stopped in front of this house, George Dunton jumped out of the wagon, and taking one of the cans from under the oil-cloth cover, went under the lilac-bushes that were heavy with dew, and around to the back door. The door stood open, and a young girl in a soft blue muslin dress was stirring something on the stove. She turned when she heard him putting the can down on the step.

"Good-evening," he said, taking off his hat, and resting his hand above his head on the door jamb. "So you hav'n't found a girl yet?"

"No." Her fair face flushed. "I don't mind being in the kitchen, though. I rather like it; but papa says he is tired of eating custards and baker's bread."

He laughed. "How does your cousin like the East by this time?" he asked, sitting down on a chair just inside the door.

"I guess she likes it pretty well, but she laughs at some things. She laughs at mamma because she thinks so much of family. You know mamma is always talking about 'my father, who was a lawyer,' or 'my grandfather, who was a lawyer,' or 'my husband, who is a lawyer.' Della says everybody she meets here talks about their family. You know her mother was my mother's sister, and she went out West and married a man who had a lot of flour and feed stores in different places. He was quite rich when she married him, and he's worth mints now, but they felt awful to have her marry a man in that business. They have real nice friends, though. Why, Della belongs to an art club and a Shakespeare, and I don't know what all." She had been looking down into the basin of custard she was stirring, and now she turned and looked at him. "She knows more in a minute than I ever could know. She graduated at Lawrence—that's where they live now—and papa couldn't even get me to finish high-school."

"I guess you're just as well off and happy if you hav'n't had quite so much schooling. Now I wish I'd had more chance. I had to stop and go to work when I was fifteen, and I've been at it ever since."

"Your father died and left you your mother to take care of—didn't you say so?"

"Yes, and Neddie and Cassie too. Now they're up where they can look after themselves, things go easier, but sometimes I think if I'd had half a chance I might have amounted to something more than I do."

"You have quite a good business, though, hav'n't you? There isn't but one other milk-wagon in town."

"Oh, I do a fair business and make a comfortable living, but they ain't any credit given to a rising milkman." He stood up laughing. "Well, I must go."

The girl put the pan of custard on the kitchen table and went to the door. "It's real nice out to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes; I noticed the sun went down clear. We'll have a good day to-morrow."

"You can pick some of those lilacs by the gate, and take home to your mother."

"Thank you. She liked those violets you sent her the other day."

"Did she? You don't know how thick they were up in the woods where I picked them. The ground was just covered."

"Well, I must go. The people will think they ain't going to get their milk in time for supper."

"Della said something so funny about the working people here in the East," she said, stopping him on the step. "I thought about you when she said it. She said they don't look like the working people out West." The girl blushed up to the roots of her light brown hair. "She said a man that looked like our grocer would be running for Congress out West."

George Dunton laughed immoderately. "I guess I'll emigrate," he said. "Well, I must go; there's no use talking. I suppose I'll see you to-morrow night at young folks' meeting? It's queer they ain't a separate sanctuary made for us low-down trades-people. You'd think they'd be some restriction to my having a pew right across from your father's."

"They don't seem to care when it comes to church relations, do they?" she said, looking away from him.

"Oh, they care, but it's part of their religion to stand it."

He turned and went down the walk. At the gate he met Mr. Richards. He had just come from his office in the city. He was a tall man, with dark gray eyes like his daughter's, and a full gray beard. He wore a silk hat, and carried the brown leather bag that is commonly carried by the suburban gentleman. When he met George Dunton in the walk, he stopped.

"Well, good-evening, Dunton," he said. "How's the milk business?"

The spirit of equality was strong within the young man at that minute. He looked the gray-bearded lawyer calmly in the face and said: "Thriving. How's the law business?"

Mr. Richards looked at him in puzzled amusement, and walked on up the path.

"Did you see the milkman pulling the lilacs over the gate?" his wife asked him as he came up to the house. She had come out on the porch to meet him. "I don't mind his taking a flower or two, but I'm afraid he'll spoil the bush if he breaks off great branches as he did just now."

Mr. Richards looked back toward the gate. The milk-wagon was rattling away down the street, and George Dunton's not unmusical whistle came back to them. He turned and went into the house, his wife following him.

"He's a queer fellow, has a free-and-easy air that is rather amusing, but I think he is apt to forget himself and be a little familiar at times." He hung up his hat on the rack, and put his cane into the decorated piece of tiling that was used as an umbrella-holder.

"Who is it that is apt to be familiar?" some one called from the dining-room at the end of the hall.

"We were speaking of the milkman," Mrs. Richards said, as they came out into the dining-room.

The girl who had called to them was sitting by the window with the evening paper spread out before her. "I saw him go by the window just now," she said. "What a handsome fellow he is! He must have been a prince in some former state, or a lawyer, auntie."

Mr. Richards laughed at his wife's deprecating smile. "Come, tell Lillie to bring on her custard," he said, sitting down at the table.

She came in from the kitchen with the glass dish of yellow custard in her hand. "I forgot to make it until so late that it is warm. It tastes a little burned, too." She put it down on the table.

"Well, your trials are nearly over. I heard about a cook to-day who says she will come. You look as if you'd burned your face, too."

"You wouldn't think there would be any trouble getting a girl here, where there are so many of them," Della said, coming to the table. "I got my lunch up somewhere along Summer or Winter Street to-day, and the couhters were lined with girls eating desserts and nothing else, and pretending to be satisfied. They looked so unexpectant, so settled at their pie, I longed to take them all out West, and marry them to respectable butchers, grocers, or milkmen." She looked at Lillie, who was blushing furiously.

"Of course they were not kitchen girls, though; they'd prefer to stand on their feet all day selling things, and live on desserts."

"We have to have clerks, my dear," Mr. Richards said, smiling at her; "and of course clerking is considered a step higher than working in a kitchen."

"But an artist is no better than a milliner," Della laughed. "One that has rooms in the building appeared in Miss King's studio just as I had finished my lesson to-day. She came to complain of the dark wall-paper that had been put on her rooms. 'Now it don't make so much difference if your paper is dark,' she said to Miss King; 'your white goods show better against it.'"

They all laughed.

"That's a good story for Boston, Della," Mr. Richards said.

Della tossed her head. "I think they would appreciate that in Lawrence."

When they had finished supper, and the two girls had carried the dishes out into the kitchen and were washing them, Lillie went over and shut the door into the dining-room, and came back to the sink.

"What made you look at me in that way when you said you'd like to take those girls out West, and marry them to butchers or milkmen? I could feel my face burning up, and papa was looking straight at me."

"I dread having it come on them suddenly. They'll blame me for not stopping it."

"There isn't anything to stop—there isn't anything, only I like him. I've told you that a hundred times."

"I guess he likes you too. He staid long enough to-night. I thought every minute auntie would feel it her duty to come out and help you, and find him here."

"He says he'll see me to morrow night at the young folks' meeting. Do you think he means to walk home with me?"

"Of course he does. Are you going to let him?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then it will be found out. I believe I'll take the midnight train West."

It was long after the time that Lillie usually returned from the young people's meeting that Mr. Richards sat up waiting for her the next evening. He had become alarmed at her prolonged absence, and was putting on his hat to go in search of her when the door-bell rang.

"I thought I had my latch-key," Lillie said as he opened the door. "Did mamma find out I'd forgotten it?"

Mr. Richards did not reply, but stood one side to let her pass in. It was a bright moonlight night. The air was sweet with the lilacs. George Dunton, standing at the foot of the steps, took off his hat and said good-evening. No one made any reply, and he turned and walked away. Lillie followed her father into the house, and started to go up stairs. He was locking the door.

"Come back!" he shouted.

She came slowly down again, and sat down in the library. "What's the matter? Hasn't Lillie got home yet?" Mrs. Richards called from the upper hall.

"Yes, she's here. Go back to bed," Mr. Richards answered her. "What does all this mean?" he said, coming in and standing before his daughter.

She began pulling off one of her gloves, but did not reply.

"This affair hasn't been going on long, has it?"

"No," she said, pulling off the other glove, "it hasn't."

"I wouldn't have supposed my daughter could have been so foolish. Come, now, go to bed, and if you have any respect for your mother's feelings, don't repeat what you have done to-night."

Mrs. Richards came into the room. She looked very thin and small in her flannel bedroom wrapper. "What's the matter with Lillie? Are you sick? What are you crying for? You are crying, aren't you?"

"Go back to bed, mamma," Mr. Richards said, crossly. "To-morrow you'll be suffering from one of your terrible headaches. Lillie is coming right up."

"What made you so late, Lillie? Where have you been?" Mrs. Richards continued, taking her hat and gloves from her. "Papa was just going out to look for you."

"Shall I tell your mother, Lillian, how foolish you have been?" her father asked her.

"I don't care. I don't see why mamma is so proud. I don't believe you'd care if you didn't know she'd fuss. I'm sure your father began by sweeping out stores, and you're proud of it. I like him, anyway. It's all my fault. I'm going to like him, too. He's just as good as we are." She ran out of the room and up the stairs.

Della was waiting for her in the upper hall in her night clothes. "I couldn't hear what auntie said. Did it almost kill her?"

"I don't know. I wish I had made him let me come home alone from the corner; but he wouldn't, and he is coming to see me." She threw herself on her bed, and Della sat down beside her.

"Well, I'm glad he didn't. That would have been 'most too common."

"I don't care. I don't know anything. They couldn't even get me to finish high-school. Mamma always felt awful about that, and this will just kill her. But I can't help it. I love him, and I can't live either if I don't have him."

The hall door opened, and Mrs. Richards came into the room. Della disappeared through the opposite door into her own room, and for a long while she heard them talking and crying together. When she went down stairs in the morning, she found Lillie getting breakfast and crying still.

"You won't have any eyes left if you keep it up much longer, Lil. If I loved a man well enough to cry all night about him, I'd—"

"Keep still; papa's in the dining-room. You can take his breakfast in to him. I don't care if he never has any, I won't take it in to him. I told mamma I would write and tell George I took back all I had promised, and papa's gone and written for me. He came out here and read it to me. It is a mean, cruel letter."

Mr. Richards was heard opening the door that led into the dining-room, and Lillie went up the back stairs. Della carried in the muddy coffee and the burned toast, and ate breakfast with her uncle in silence. Mrs. Richards was confined to her room with the prophesied headache. Lillie also spent most of the day in her room. Della staid at home from her art class and did the work, and felt righteous for giving up so much. Late in the afternoon she answered the front door bell, and found George Dunton standing there.

"Oh, I knew you'd come," she said, when she opened the door. "I've been expecting you all day; but you must go right away. I won't let you in."

"I want to see Miss Richards, and I must see Mr. Richards too."

"Why, didn't you get Uncle Henry's letter? He don't want to see you; he won't see you. Besides, he isn't home."

"I can see him some other time, then, but I must see Miss Lillie. Did you think I was going to take those letters and not make a sign of life? That's not the kind of a man I am."

"Well, I'll let you in, and send Lillie to you; but you must go quick, before Uncle Henry comes home. He'll never forgive me for letting you in if he finds you here."

He followed her into the library, and she shut the door.

"It will half kill my aunt if you coax Lillie to do as you want her to. I know it will; there's no guesswork about it. She says it killed my grandfather because my mother married my father. She's been mourning for him all day. Pleasant for me! I wouldn't have let you in a step, but I knew if you'd made up your mind to talk to her you'd do it, so I suppose it had better be done in her own house respectably."

"Yes, that's just what I thought about it," he said. He had sat down in a chair near the door, nervously, his hands hanging heavily on his knees.

"You were rather sudden, it seems to me. You hadn't paid her any attention, as nearly as I can find out; and last night you walked home with her, and told her you intended to marry her."

"There wasn't any other way. I knew her folks would fuss about my going with her, so I thought the only way was to marry right off and have the fuss all over at once. We've been to the same church for six years. I've seen her every Sunday."

"And she says she let you know she liked you."

"Yes, she did, and that's all right too, in my way of thinking." He brought down his hand on his knee with a slap. "I think when people are situated as we are, a girl has to let a man know she cares for him. He'd never have the pluck to pay her any attention if she didn't."

"Well, it will kill my aunt, that's all there is about it. She's made up her mind to it. Now she's got Lillie coaxed up, you'd better give it up too. It will get misty in time. Everything gets misty if you only give it time."

He laughed aloud, and rubbed his hands together, and shook his head.

"Don't laugh! Auntie will hear you, and make me tell her who it is. If I could only smuggle you out somehow without any one's knowing it. I'll get Lillie, and let her tell you it isn't any use, and then you must go, quick, or uncle will be here."

She went out, shutting the door after her, and in a few minutes Lillie came in. Her eyes were red with crying, but she looked very pretty in the blue muslin dress he had seen her in so often when he came to bring the milk.

"You must go right away. I know you got my letter, so there's no excuse for your being here. Go, quick! Papa's train will be due in a minute."

She held the door open for him, as though she expected him to go instantly because she said that he must.

He stood up slowly, and took out his watch and looked at it. "I guess there's time enough!" She shut the door again, and stood with her hand on the knob. "Then you didn't really mean all you said last night?" he asked, after a minute

"Yes, I did, but I'm not going to kill my mother for anybody. She's sick in bed now about it. She cried till midnight, and begged me to give it up before I did. She isn't strong anyway, and I can't go on. Please go; there's papa's train now. You mustn't pass him on this street; go back on the hill street, won't you?"

"I wish I had time to talk with you a little while."

"Oh, do go, please!"

"I'll get away before he gets here. You needn't be afraid. I know it must be hard for you, but it isn't exactly my fault I'm here."

"I know it. I know I'm all to blame."

"I suppose I'll have to go to another church. I don't want to go on seeing you every Sunday. That would be 'most too much. Well, I'll go now."

She was still standing near the door, and as he came towards her she went to meet him.

He held out his hand, and she put her own into it and looked up at him.

"If you don't hate me too much, I wish you would kiss me good-by," she said, her lips quivering.

He bent and kissed her quickly, in an awkward, shamefaced way.

"You think everything of your mother. You wouldn't do anything to hurt her awfully. Here, go out the back door and go the hill road." She led the way out through the dining-room and kitchen, and watched him go out the side gate and turn into the side street.

"He didn't look back," she said to Della, who had followed her out into the kitchen. "There's no danger of its killing him, because he's a man; but he feels bad enough, just the same."

When they went back into the library they found Mrs. Richards, looking very white and worn, in a loose tea gown.

"I knew papa would be disappointed not to have me down to-night, and really my head is a great deal better."

Lillie went over and kissed her with unusual tenderness, and then brought a shawl from the hall closet and wrapped around her, and then Mr. Richards came in. His face wore such a look of distress that Mrs. Richards cried out,

"Henry, what is the matter?"

He rested his hand on the table and looked at Lillie. "A terrible accident happened just now at the crossing. It was that delayed me. A woman was run over by our train."

Mrs. Richards covered her face with her hands.

"Mamma is so weak to-day we mustn't talk it over," Lillie said, putting her hand on her mother's chair. "It wasn't any one we knew, was it, papa?"

He looked at her for a minute, and his face grew hard. "We knew of her. It was George Dunton's mother."

All the color left her face. Della came and put her arm around her.

"How did it happen that she was crossing there, uncle?"

"She was old and quite feeble, and a little deaf, I believe. She must have got bewildered. They were trying to lay the blame on the man who tends the gate, but that is nonsense. I helped carry her to the grocery wagon that was standing there, and they took her home."

Lillie turned and ran out of the room.

"Lillie, come back! Where are you going?" Mrs. Richards got up and went out after her, and Mr. Richards and Della followed.

Lillie stopped in the hall and looked at them in a dazed way: "I don't know what I am going to do," she said. Then she went over to the hat-rack, and began putting on her hat and jacket. "I guess I'd better go and see if there's anything I can do," she said, quietly.

Her father took hold of her shoulder firmly: "You take off your things and go to your room. You're not going out of this house."

She looked up into his face. "Yes, I am; and if you don't love me enough to let me in when I come back, I'll stay away. I thought it would kill mamma if I didn't give him up, and now his mother is dead, and he loved her as much as I love mine. Let go of me. I'm going."

Mrs. Richards put her arms around her. "Let go of her, papa. We do love you, dear; you know we do. If you'll wait until morning, Della or I will go with you."

"No; you'll tease me not to go, and I'll give up again; and it isn't right." She took her mother's arms away from her neck, and turned, and went out of the door.

"She's been sending flowers and fruit to his mother all summer," Della said, in the silence that followed. "I've known it all along, but I didn't think anything about it until this came up. I didn't really know who it was she sent them to."

Mrs. Richards dropped into a chair and began crying hysterically.

"Stop that right off!" Mr. Richards shouted.

"It's such a disgrace. If you had only made her go to college!" Mrs. Richards wailed. "You always gave in to her. I know now how my poor father felt. I've been saying so all day."

Della stood by the window fingering the curtain tassel. "Why don't you hide your disgrace in the West, as mamma did?" she asked, without looking around.

Mrs. Richards caught at the idea eagerly. "I wish we could. Don't you think you could do just as well in business out there, papa?"

"I don't think anything about it," he growled.

"Perhaps he'd go out of the milk business," Della suggested. "He might go into the real-estate business with papa. That is his refuge when he wants to feel respectable, though he doesn't make the money that he does with his flour and feed stores. Papa owns a butcher shop up at a place called Clay Centre. He might give him a chance in that."

Mrs. Richards moaned. Mr. Richards stood up.

"Are we going to have any supper to-night?" he said, scowling at his niece over his glasses.

"It is on the table, all there is of it," Della said, leading the way out into the dining-room.

"I suppose girls will make fools of themselves to the end of the chapter," Mr. Richards said, after a long silence.

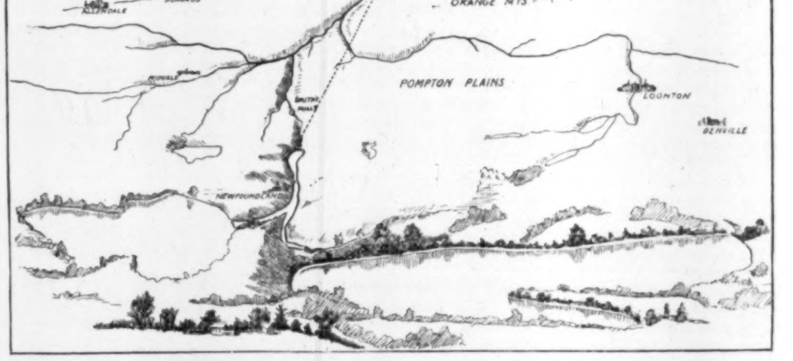
"It does seem as though half the women marry men who are inferior to them," Della replied, cheerfully, with a wise air. "I suppose the very fact that they will marry them proves that they are not superior, though."

"We'll have to make the best of it. If she's determined to marry him, we will have to face it. There's no use making her miserable over it, or ourselves either."

He took up the evening paper, which had been laid beside his plate, pushed back his chair from the table, and began reading.

Mrs. Richards sighed heavily. Della got up and began piling up the dishes.

"I haven't a doubt you'll all be living in Lawrence this time next year. It isn't anything like Boston, but really to hide one's disgrace in, it will do very well."



MAP SHOWING THE PASSAIC WATERCOURSE.

PASSAIC WATERCOURSES.

BY GEORGE McANENY, JUN.

THE available sources of potable water supply for the metropolitan district are the water-sheds of the Croton and Passaic rivers.

The Croton at its outlet, distant 37 miles from the New York City Hall, drains an area of 361 square miles, and will yield a maximum daily average flow estimated by Chief Engineer Church, of the Aqueduct Board, at 250,000,000 gallons.

The area drained by the Passaic at the Great Falls in Paterson, 15 miles from the City Hall, is 877 square miles, and the average daily flow, as given in various engineering estimates, is 700,000,000 gallons.

Hitherto public interest has almost exclusively concerned the Croton shed. The matter of the Croton water supply during fifty years has always been an economic question of more or less urgency to the people of New York and its neighborhood. It has retained in consequence an overshadowing importance. However, now that it has been proven practicable and necessary to turn the entire flow of the Croton River into the city's aqueducts, closer attention seems apt to be given the greater drainage area on the other side of the Hudson.

Here, too, notable engineering works are under way. The mountain rivers are being connected with the distributing plants of New Jersey towns aggregating half a million population, and an elaborate plan of more general supply, including eventually an auxiliary service for New York, is in advanced stages of development.

The inability of either the New Jersey cities or the State to properly cope with an undertaking of this sort was shown during ten years of public discussion. Six years ago the work devolved upon private enterprise. Since then a great many interests have been brought into one, and both plans and practical operations brought forward to such a degree that the entire subject may be treated as a completed work.

The topography of the Passaic shed is uniformly mountainous. The area drained lies in the archæan highlands of Passaic, Bergen, Morris, and Sussex counties in New Jersey, and Rockland and Orange counties in New York. The formation is mainly granite. Through the highlands the streams trickle down from heights of 1500 feet, forming lakes in rocky hollows hundreds of feet above the highest house-tops in the cities, running pell-mell through others, where a single dam is needed to hold them back, and occasionally spreading out into such sizable bodies as Greenwood and Hopatcong, six and eight miles long.

Down four wide valleys the waters are gathered in rushing little rivers. Up in the Shawangunk hills the Ramapo rises, and runs across the line with the overflow from Tuxedo and a dozen smaller lakes. Twenty miles south it flows through Pompton Lake, and soon joins the Pequannock and Wanaque on their way to the Passaic. The Ramapo drains a sparsely populated area of 150 square miles. The Wanaque is another traveller from New York. It is the outlet of Stirling Lake, and of Greenwood as well. Greenwood lies half in each State. It has a surface of 2600 acres at an altitude of 621 feet, and a storage capacity of many billion gallons. The clove of the Wanaque passes the sites of Ringwood and Mecanesi reservoirs. The river joins the Pequannock at Bloomingdale, after draining 108 square miles. The flow of the two inter-State rivers is estimated in the New Jersey State Geological Reports at 240,000,000 gallons daily.

The Pequannock is the third river in the system. It drains 80 square miles, and has an average daily flow of about 80,000,000 gallons. As part of this is now being captured for Newark's supply, the topographic features will appear best in connection with the description of the work.

The three rivers, united in the Pompton, enter the main valley of the Passaic a few miles above Paterson. The main river has followed the line of the Orange Mountains from the borders of Union County, and absorbed the fourth river, the Rockaway, on its course. The Rockaway is the largest and most important of the tributary streams. It rises in Sussex County, near the divide between the Passaic and Delaware sheds, crossing the sites of two great reservoirs at the head of the Longwood Valley, and receiving the overflow streams of three others—Montville, Split Rock, and Green Pond—on its way. Lake Hopatcong, two miles from the Rockaway head-waters, though tributary to the Delaware, may be connected with the Passaic shed by a very simple engineering process. Hopatcong is already a semi-artificial reservoir, being raised nine feet above its natural surface. The area drained by the Rockaway is 150 square miles, and that drained by the main Passaic above its confluence with tributary rivers and below to the falls is 375 square miles. The rivers come together like the fingers of an open hand, rounding the extremity of the Orange Mountains in one broad stream, and falling 56 feet at the falls in Paterson. Outside the city, in the "Great Notch," are the three great receiving and distributing reservoirs of the system. Garret Mountain, the largest, is a natural bowl of 300 acres, scooped deep in the solid rock, 400 feet above sea-level. "Great Notch reservoir," nearly as large, and Sigler's reservoir are a hundred feet lower. Here at Great Notch the waters will be received, partially by gravity from the highlands, partially by pumping from the river below, and delivered, under 300-foot pressure if necessary, to the cities to be supplied.

From this distributing station and through the independent aqueducts building or projected, allowing for the flow used by the mill-owners, and estimating an annual saving of twelve inches of rainfall, a daily supply of 457,000,000 gallons may be delivered.

The entire volume of this surplus flow is to be captured and used. Newark has contracted to pay $6,000,000 for a share of it. Jersey City will follow suit, and either buy a plant or pay for the water as used. Paterson, Passaic, and Montclair are supplied, and Bayonne has negotiated a contract. When all of these towns have been permanently cared for, the use of the water elsewhere will be practicable, and in the mean time the work of storing and carrying the waters now under way will be steadily continued.

The description of this work is naturally prefaced by a word about the succession of events whereby the present plans are rendered practicable. A great deal of this is interesting history. Just a century ago, after the submission to Congress of Alexander Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures, a number of public-spirited Americans organized the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures. Hamilton, Boudinot, Stockton, Bayard, Mercer, and Livingston were among the incorporators. A chemist was brought from France to analyze the waters of the several rivers flowing near the metropolis before the site of a proposed new manufacturing centre should be selected. His report set forth that "the Passaick River in the State of New Jersey," by reason of the geological formation of its drainage area, held the purest waters and the least of the deleterious soluble matter to be avoided in manufacturing. The added advantage of the water-power at the Great Falls decided the matter. The land encircling the falls was chosen as the site for the new city, and a most remarkable charter secured from the State of New Jersey. This charter, which was drawn by Hamilton, gave the society permission to build a city, to construct canals, to engage in manufacturing and banking, to conduct lotteries, and to establish courts of law. Above all, it gave it the exclusive right to the flow of the Passaic River at the falls forever. Major L'Enfant, who had just completed the mapping out of Washington, was engaged by Hamilton for a like service here, and the new city was named "Paterson," in honor of the Governor who had signed the charter. To-day there are 80,000 people in Paterson, 15,000 of them operatives. While steam has made its innovations, there are still 125,000,000 gallons of water, equal to a volume of 328 cubic feet per second, drawn daily from the river in fulfilment of the society's leases of motive power. The rest of the water, though at present wasted in the sea, is none the less its property. During the hundred years this fact has frequently been established in court.

In 1824 the Morris Canal and Banking Company was incorporated, and the building of the Morris Canal from Easton to Paterson, Newark, and Jersey City was commenced. The company acquired for feeding purposes the flow of Lake Hopatcong and parts of the head-waters of the Rockaway and Wanaque. As the canal brought as much water into the Rockaway from Hopatcong as it took from the two rivers, there was little difficulty in reaching an amicable settlement with the society. Latterly, when the Morris Canal was leased to the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company, that corporation became the practical owner of its water rights.

The ownership, then, of the Passaic system was vested in the ancient society, the railroad company, and the individual proprietors of lake, reservoir, and right-of-way property, when in 1885 the question of the immediate use of these waters for the supply of cities became a prominent one.

The only water then taken from the upper river for potable purposes was that supplied to the city of Paterson. This town bought water pumped from above the falls, and emptied its sewerage system below them. Eight miles further below, at Belleville, the supplies for Jersey City and Newark were pumped. The river basin intervening had become simply a vast natural sewer, receiving the refuse not only of Paterson, Passaic, and other towns, but of a score of isolated factories and dye-works along its banks. The danger of this condition placed Jersey City and Newark in a quandary. For any one town to attempt the amount of condemnation and general outlay necessary to the attainment of a new supply from above the falls was utterly impracticable. The State was debarred from aiding by constitutional restrictions. Thus every plan presented was eventually abandoned through lack of feasibility. It was this local trouble that first attracted the attention of New York capital to the Passaic water-shed.

In 1885 Mr. John R. Bartlett, of New York, conceived the idea of drawing together the capital required, and bringing down the waters on the elaborate plan now working out. He enlisted the aid of associates representing millions of capital, and started in to buy on a rather large scale. The first step taken was the purchase from the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures the right to the surplus flow of the Passaic at the Great Falls forever. A similar contract was secured with the Dundee Water-Power and Land Company, a corporation possessed of similar rights below the falls. Then came the acquisition of reservoir sites and rights of way. Lake Macopin was the first property secured. Dunker Pond came next. Split Rock Lake, Lake Mecanesi, and the sites of Montville, Kaikout, Longwood, Oak Ridge, Clinton, and Buck Mountain reservoirs were bought in rapid succession. Then the reservoirs in the Great Notch were secured, and rights of way along the river purchased wholesale. The ownerships of the newly acquired properties were vested in the Montclair Water Company and the West Milford Water Storage Company. The control of the Passaic Water Company, of Paterson, and the Acquackanonck Water Company, of Passaic, had been absorbed in the mean time. There remained but one other union to complete the single control of the water-shed required of necessity for the performance of such a work as that projected. This was with the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company. It was speedily effected. When the engineering plans for the carrying of the water were perfected, Mr. Bartlett submitted propositions for supply to the several cities, and practical operations began.

Newark contracted with the Lehigh Valley Company, representing the associated interests, the contract calling for a supply of 27,500,000 gallons a day for ten years, and 50,000,000 gallons a day thereafter. Newark now uses about 16,000,000 gallons. In Jersey City 20,000,000 gallons a day are used, the railroads alone requiring a fourth of this amount. It is probable that Jersey City will pay a stated rate per million gallons, as the city's water debt of 1871 still amounts to more than $5,000,000, and a further issue of water bonds would be unpopular. In Jersey City the dangerous pollution of the water now used is not the only cause of worriment. The pumping stations at Belleville are inadequate. During last summer the authorities were obliged to purchase large amounts of water from the Hackensack Water Company at the rate of $100 per million gallons. Bayonne uses 1,000,000 gallons daily, at present bought from Jersey City. This city has contracted with the Montclair Water Company for a new supply.

Paterson's daily consumption is 12,000,000 gallons, supplied by the Passaic Company on the meterage system. In Passaic the mains have been connected with a new in-take above the falls, and Montclair has also been given a new system.

The chief present interest in the plans for supplying the New Jersey towns naturally concerns the construction of the new system for Newark.

The Lehigh Valley Company conveyed its big contract to the East Jersey Water Company, organized for the single purpose of this work. The contract calls for its completion May 1, 1892.

The subsidiary shed selected for the supply of the 50,000,000 gallons daily ultimately to be required is that of the Pequannock. The details of the work of capturing this little river include the construction of 26 miles of steel pipe four feet in diameter, and the building of storage and distributing reservoirs holding 6,000,000,000 gallons of water. This work is under the direction of Clemens Herschel, one of the first hydraulic engineers of the country. As the use of pipe of such proportions as this across a hilly country is new to Eastern engineering, Mr. Herschel visited California, where heavy wrought-iron pipes are extensively used in water supply and irrigation, and returned satisfied of the wisdom of using steel in these new conduits.

The pipes are the largest in use in the country. The contract for making them was awarded to a large Bethlehem firm, now established in Paterson. Here, with a strong force of men working day and night, from 1500 to 3000 feet of pipe has been turned out daily since last September. The steel is rolled in the Carnegie mills, and brought to Paterson in plates 7 feet long and $153\frac{3}{8}$ and 154 inches rolling width. These are $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{5}{16}$, or $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in thickness, according to the amount of pressure to be sustained. The lengths, when riveted, are joined in sections of four each, forming a pipe 27 feet 4 inches in length. These are given two coatings of asphaltum, 97 per cent. of which is pure bitumen, and shipped on the Susquehanna road to the point nearest the work under way. Each weighs from 4100 to 6000 pounds. Arrived at the trenches, the pipes are riveted in double lengths of 54 feet 8 inches, lowered into position by heavy derricks, and riveted again to the completed end. Liquid asphaltum is brushed over the new rivets, a covering of at least three feet packed about and over the pipes, and the work is finished.

It is a new sort of undertaking in pipe-laying, and is watched with interest. The amount of water to be stored will be impounded at Oak Ridge and Clinton Falls. At both of these reservoirs great earth dams with concrete cores are building. At Oak Ridge the main body of the river is captured. The dam here is 45 feet high, 800 feet long at the base, and 650 feet at the top, with a width of 20 feet at the top, and a two to one slope. The concrete core of 8 feet is locked in the solid rock on either side of the valley. On the right is an L-shaped cut in the rock, 55 feet deep and 400 feet long, to be used as a spillway. At the turn of this cut are the gate-houses, four in number, each 42 inches wide. The dam will be a remarkably solid structure, having a base width of nearly 250 feet. It will impound 2,500,000,000 gallons of water in a lake of 417 acres' surface. There are 300 men and 100 horses and carts busily employed here. The river, diverted of the chasm of the spillway, returns to its bed without the dam, and meets Mossman's Brook down the valley at Newfoundland. The main stream has formed ten miles back of Oak Ridge, in the highest mountains of the State. This tributary brook rises farther east, and carries the flow from Buck-a-bear, Hank's, and Cedar ponds, down to Clinton reservoir and on to the river. The site of Clinton reservoir covers but 405 acres, but the basin is deeper, and will hold 3,538,000,000 gallons. The dam is 1500 feet long, and in its other dimensions the same as that at Oak Ridge. The altitude here is 990 feet, and at Oak Ridge 851 feet. The number of men employed at Clinton is about the same as at the other site.

The laborers for the most part are Italians, Hungarians, and Morris County natives. At the confluence of the Pequannock with the overflow stream from Lake Macopin, just below Newfoundland, is the in-take dam. This is a structure of solid masonry, forming a small reservoir, known in the system as "Macopin in-take." The dam is 400 feet long, 25 feet high, 15 feet wide at the base, and 8 feet at the top. The waste weir measures 250 feet. At the eastern end are the gate-houses regulating the flow into the pipes, four of them, 4 feet in diameter, and built of massive masonry. The most of the stone used is quarried a few feet from the dam. The capstones come from Massachusetts. Macopin in-take, flooded, will cover 13 acres and hold 30,000,000 gallons. This gives a total storage capacity of 6,068,000,000 gallons, and with the normal flow of the river guarantees a daily supply of at least 52,000,000 gallons.

The great pipe after leaving the in-take follows the river bank for a mile, and then starts across five miles of hilly country to Pompton Notch. Three miles of this work are completed. The scene across the hills is a busy one. A thousand men are at work digging trenches, hauling the great sections into position, riveting, hammering, and back-filling. Portable forges sparkle here and there along the line, and the resonant sound of the work never ends. At Pompton Notch, where the hydraulic grade is very nearly reached, the pipe line runs down a rocky ravine to Pompton Plains, and for ten miles pursues an easy way to the Great Notch in the Orange Mountains. Southeast, seven miles brings it to the Belleville reservoir, 165 feet above the river, and a branch conduit of 3-foot pipe carries the necessary proportion for high service five miles to South Orange Avenue reservoir, in the city. As the elevation of the in-take dam is 590 feet, and its highest point in Newark but 300 feet, gravity will do all the work. Arrived at the reservoirs, the water will be turned into the present distributing system of 161 miles of pipe.

The supply for Newark will not exhaust the capacity of the Pequannock shed. The river drains an area of 80 square miles, and carries 80,000,000 gallons daily down the valley. Another large reservoir at Kaikout, impounding the flow of Stone-house Brook and the natural storage of Lake Macopin, will serve to capture the water not diverted at Macopin in-take.

These waters, as in the case of the other rivers of the shed, may be allowed to flow in their natural channels down to the pumping stations to be located below the reservoir in the Great Notch. Here they will all be received, natural and impounded flow alike, and sent by gravity to the cities below.

The several systems of distribution already adopted, and the use of the residue of the Newark supply—all over 27,500,000 gallons a day for ten years—will amply supply the New Jersey towns until its more extensive systems projected are ready for use.

These greater works will include the building of other such dams as those at Clinton and Oak Ridge, the laying of other pipe lines, and the construction of the pumping stations at the Great Notch.

It is probable that when New York city finds it necessary to draw on the Passaic reserve fund, that part of the city below Fourteenth Street will be the first to be supplied. With this probability in mind, the projectors of the Passaic enterprise spent $200,000 in demonstrating the fact that the tunnel under the Hudson River might be finished and used in part for the carrying of the pipes from the Great Notch. The amount of such an auxiliary supply would be determined, of course, by the particular need of the city at the time of its delivery.

The present daily supply from Croton River, with the combined storage of the Boyd's Corner and Middle Branch Reservoirs and the natural reservoirs, amounts to 113,641,277 gallons. The Bronx pipe line delivers an additional supply of 20,000,000 gallons. The Sodom Dam, now nearly completed, will increase its storage 8,500,000,000 gallons, and the daily supply 25,000,000, bringing the latter to a total of 158,641,277 gallons.

If the proposed smaller dams toward the head of the water-shed were built, this amount, according to the figures of six prominent engineers who have reported on the subject, would be increased to 180,000,000 gallons. The Quaker Bridge Dam, which, according to Aqueduct Engineer McLean, will take six years to build, at a cost of $15,000,000, would practically impound the entire flow, and, according to Engineer Church, increase the supply to the maximum daily average of 270,000,000 gallons. As the carrying capacity of the new aqueduct is in excess of this figure, the water might easily be handled if secured. For several years, however, the aqueduct will be under less than half pressure in carrying its share of the 158,000,000 gallons available daily supply.

The indicated per capita demand in New York for 1891 is 102 gallons daily, and the estimated population 1,700,000. This brings its indicated needed supply to 173,400,000 gallons. On the basis of Engineer Church's estimate of 143 gallons per capita, as the amount essential to the general health of the city, the need is for 243,000,000 gallons daily.

The comparisons to be found among these facts and figures, and moderate speculations as to their future aspect, naturally suggest the use in time of part of the great surplus fund of waters flowing from the Passaic.

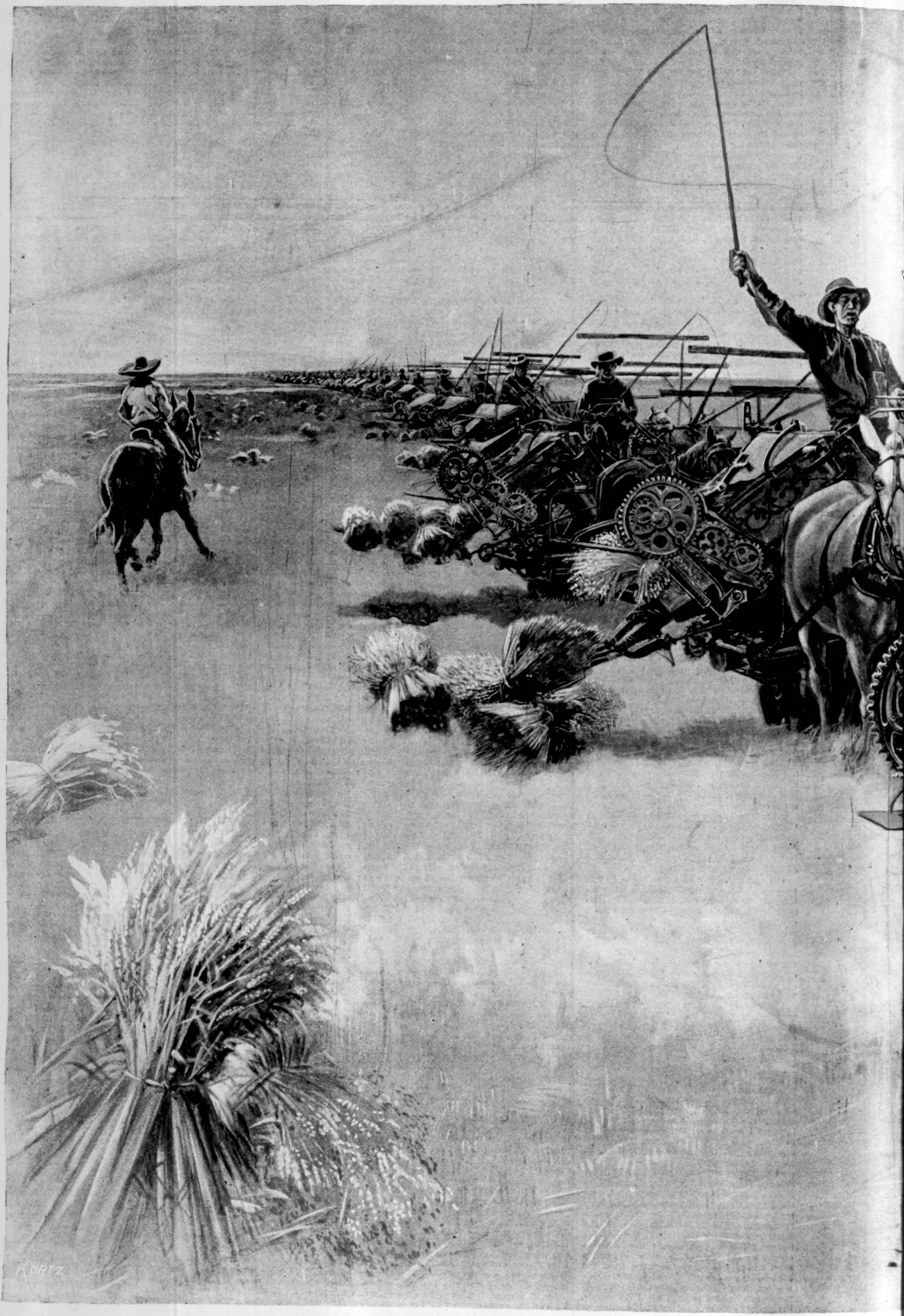
In the light of the importance of water supply to such a centre of population as the metropolitan district seems destined to be, the Passaic system seems likely to be a prominent factor in the local economic affairs of the future.

TO LET—FURNISHED.

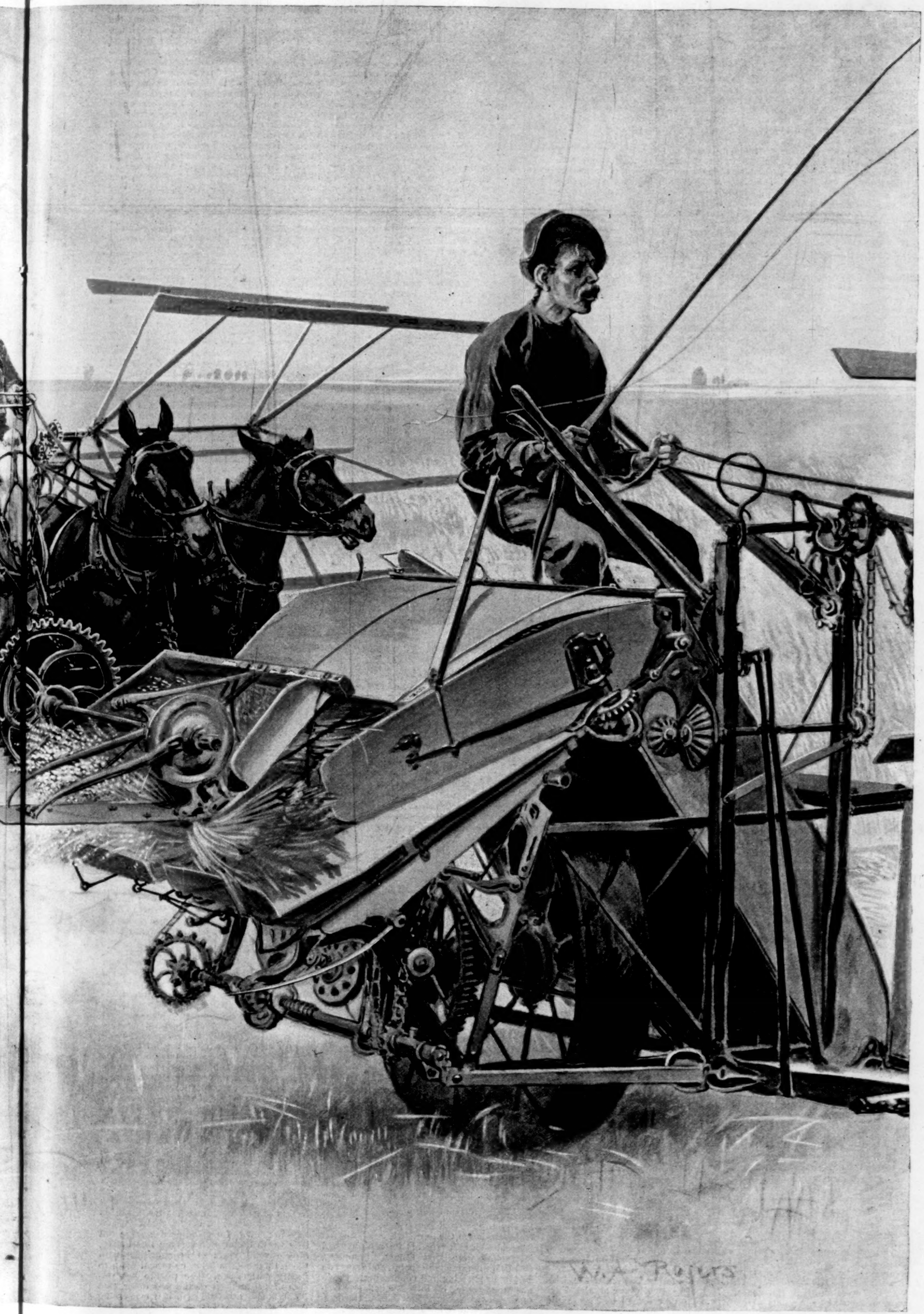
My heart's to let. Who comes this way?
For here are lodgings grave or gay;
Quaint nooks to suit a poet's whim,
Where fancies lurk in corners dim;
Or breezy chambers, bright as May,
Through which the laughing echoes play.
Come for a week, a month, to stay.
You will not find the hostess prim—
My heart's to let.

Yet far from noise of outer day
Is hid a shrine that waits alway
In virgin mystery for him
Who claims his crown with royal trim;
But till it pass beneath his sway
My heart's to let.

F. B.



HARVESTING ON A BONANZA FARM



RM.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 663.]

YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 652, Supplement.)

himself that he will be injured neither by praise nor blame, but always give to the world the best that is in him. In choosing a young representative playwright of New York city it is a question whether the palm will not be given by some to Mr. Augustus Thomas, the author of *Alabama*, the latest New York success, in preference to Mr. Fitch. But Mr. Fitch is the younger, and while both have scored successes, Mr. Fitch has made no failures, and Mr. Thomas must plead guilty to one—*Reckless Temple*, or, as it was called, "*Barrymore* played by himself in a white wig." Mr. Thomas, besides *Alabama*, has written *A Man of the World*, and other curtain-raisers of much delicacy and strength. He is thirty-three years old, and was until lately a newspaper reporter in the West. He shows the greatest possible promise.

HENRY C. BUNNER.

The editor of *Puck*, Mr. Henry C. Bunner, is thirty-six years old, but he achieved a good measure of distinction fully twelve years ago; and even at that time, if an article similar to this had been prepared, he would have been among those mentioned. He was born in Oswego, and during his early boyhood his school life was interrupted by frequent changes of residence. Finally, however, his mother settled in New York, and he went several years to Calliston's school, in preparation for college. Before he was old enough to enter he was compelled to become a bread-winner, and the five years before he was of age were spent in wholesale dry-goods houses. Though the business hours were long and the work uncongenial, he found time to read and also to write. He contributed to several newspapers, writing poems and stories and anything likely to attract favorable consideration from an editor. While still in business he became a contributor to *Puck*, and not a number has been issued from the first till now without something from his pen.

In 1876 Mr. Bunner gave up his business, and became a reporter on the New York *World*, which had just passed from the control of Mr. Manton Marble to Mr. William Henry Hurlbert. The skill in writing which Mr. Bunner had acquired during his mercantile life now stood him in good stead, and he at once ranked as among the best men on a paper which was at that time written in a style that few daily newspapers nowadays even care for. Night-work soon injured his eyes, and he found day employment on the bright and short-lived *Arcadian*. From there he went to *Puck*, and in 1877 was made editor. This position he has held since.

His editorial work is probably what keeps him alive to-day, but it is not what is going to keep his name alive after he is dead. His poems and his short stories will do that. Mr. Bunner's *Airs from Arcady* are the best verses of society, and of fresh, fine, delicate feeling, that any of the younger verse-writers have given us; and though they were written several years ago, they still stand in the way of aspiring poetasters, saying "this is the way to go, but you might go much further and not do half so well." His short stories, "Love in Old Clothes" and "Zadoc Pine," for instance, made him one of the first of short-story writers in a country where short stories are well written, and as a delineator of New York life he has been most apt and clever. Of late he has written very little, which is a pity. As an editor he is very busy; and though he must take some satisfaction in making out checks and writing a pleasant word or two for young versifiers, and in remembering what the receipt of like pleasant words meant to him once, the colored political cartoons and the jokes of the "paragrapher" and comic artist must make him sigh now and then for the dark blue cover and gold title of *Airs from Arcady*, and he must occasionally run his eyes over it, as the rest of us do, to read of the girl in "New London, ahoy!" and of the pitcher of mignonette in the tenement's highest casement, and of the old clerk dozing in the counting-house. And some day very soon, let us hope, he will write a few more poems and more short stories, just to show that he is true to his old love, and has not become enamored of this jolly German-American paper with the red cheeks and loud laugh.

OTHER EDITORS.

Mr. Bunner, as an editor of a weekly periodical and as a magazine writer as well, does not come under the head of journalist, although he served his apprenticeship as a newspaper man so ably. It was intended to select a representative young journalist for this article on the young men of New York, but the young newspaper men would not have it, and showed a dislike to having themselves interviewed and pictured. It is a pity they are so modest, for they are a picturesque group, and very young to be in such high places. The most conspicuous among them is Arthur Brisbane, who began newspaper work as a reporter on the *Sun*, was its foreign correspondent at the age of twenty-three, and is now the editor of the *Evening Sun*, at the age of twenty-eight. His London letters, signed "A. B.," were brilliant, full of news, and young enough in their points of view to be somewhat alarming to those who looked on queens and their ministers as absolved from mortal criticism. His paper is like its editor. It is clever, aggressive, original, and takes few things seriously. Mr. Brisbane talks even better than he writes, and rides across country almost as well as he talks. There will be much more written about him a few years from now.

William C. Reick, the city editor of the *Herald*, who is virtually the editor-in-chief, is perhaps the only man who has held that position for over a year on that paper. This alone marks him conspicuously. Mr. Reick is very young for so important a post—not over twenty-eight—and yet in working control of one of the greatest periodicals of this country or any other.

Stephen Bonsal, one of James Gordon Bennett's present workers, is only twenty-seven, and has been the correspondent of the *World*, and later of the *Herald*, in almost every capital in Europe. He is now in this city, engaged in editorial work on the *Herald*. He speaks eight or nine languages, and has written much interesting matter for the WEEKLY on foreign topics.

Charles Kellogg, the city editor of the *Sun*, is another very young man. He was until lately a reporter on that paper. He was a conscientious, reliable reporter, and makes the same sort of city editor. He apparently believes in getting the facts, all the facts, and nothing but the facts. This has made the paper as reliable as it was in the days of John Bogart, but less interesting, although the fact that such men as Amos J. Cummings, Blakely Hall, Julian Ralph, and Arthur Brisbane were acting as reporters for Mr. Bogart may have had something to do with the greater success of its news stories in those days. To the layman the duties of the city editor of a daily paper are a mystery, and for this reason the fact that such young men as Mr. Kellogg and Mr. William McCloy, of the *Evening Sun*, hold such positions is not as remarkable as it should be.

GEORGE J. GOULD.

The eldest son of Mr. Jay Gould, the capitalist and railroad proprietor, had placed upon him when he was barely of age responsibilities which would have staggered many mature men who do not think badly of their own ability. Mr. George J. Gould, who is about thirty years old, did not receive a collegiate education, but as soon as he came of age was taken into his father's office and into partnership with the firm of brokers of which Mr. Jay Gould was at that time a member. He must have learned the mysteries of finance very rapidly, for very quickly he was made a director in this company and that, until soon he sat at the council-board of pretty nearly all the corporations in which his father held a large interest. And what was more, the father soon learned to rely with implicit faith upon the son's judgment and business acuteness.

At an age when the sons of rich fathers are usually cutting a pretty wide swath in society, and sowing an abundant crop of wild-oats, Mr. George Gould was as hard at work as any bank clerk in Wall Street. And it is pretty certain, too, that he had the natural inclinations of youths of his age. But he felt his responsibilities, and in consideration of them suppressed all wayward fancies and frolicsome desires. Since then he has been his father's confidential adviser and associate, and on more than one occasion of long duration, when Mr. Jay Gould has been abroad, the son has had complete charge of all the immense and complicated interests of the father. He has been the president of the Pacific Mail Company and of other large corporations. At present he keeps track of all the details of his father's business, and has gained the respect of all the shrewd men who are associated with Mr. Jay Gould in his various enterprises.

Mr. George Gould is of manly bearing and handsome appearance. In manner, though he is quick, he is courteous, and he impresses an observant visitor with the idea that he is a young man who knows pretty well what he is about. He is a man of family now, and has developed such quiet domestic tastes that he is rarely seen in public except in his journeys to and from his office.

WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE.

Mr. William D. Guthrie, the law partner of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, has achieved distinction at the New York bar at an age when most young lawyers are wondering where in the world the clients upon whom they are to subsist are coming from. He is now thirty-three, and for eight years he has had all the active practice he could find time to attend to. He was born in California, where his father was a prominent man, being Surveyor of the Port of San Francisco for a number of years, and the owner of several newspapers. The father went to California from Chenango County, New York, where the family had long been settled, two of the grandfathers having been officers in the Revolutionary army. When young Guthrie was two years old he was taken by his mother to France, and lived there till he was ten years old. It was then that he acquired his easy facility with the French language, which he now writes and speaks as readily as his own. Three years were then spent in England, and the family returned to New York.

Meantime the father had entirely lost his means, and, after two years at the Thirteenth Street public school in New York, young Guthrie was obliged to go to work. He secured a place in the law office of Messrs. Blatchford, Seward, Griswold, & Da Costa. While serving as office-boy and messenger he became an expert stenographer, and acted in that capacity in the office for several years. Lack of fortune having prevented him from going through college, he spent all of his evenings at this time in study. He must have had very good advice as to the course of study he pursued, or have had very lucky intuitions, for he has become a man of most liberal cultivation.

In the fall of 1879 he left the law office and attended the Columbia College Law School, attending and reciting in the Senior and Junior classes. During this time he supported himself by teaching and reporting. In May, 1880, he was admitted to the bar, and took a clerk's place in the office where he had formerly been. One year later he became managing clerk, and in 1883 was made a member of the firm. The senior member of the firm having been made an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the firm was reorganized in 1885, and became Seward, Da Costa, & Guthrie. This firm lasted till the death of Mr. Da Costa, a year ago. The present firm is Seward, Guthrie, & Morawetz.

During this time a large share of the important business of the firm has fallen to Mr. Guthrie's share. He has been exceedingly successful in jury cases, and has tried all the accident cases for the numerous corporations (particularly express companies) which his firm represents as counsel. In the handling and unravelling of intricate and complicated equity cases he has shown most marked ability. In his work he is tireless and indefatigable, and therefore it would be strange for him to overlook any point of service to his clients. He devotes his entire time to his profession, and believes that no other line is possible for an active practitioner at the New York bar. His opinion is sought and cited in many large financial transactions, and he has straightened out some of the most complicated matters in the way of the reorganization of corporations. He is now counsel for large English syndicates, and during the past two years has acted as counsel for English companies representing investments in this country of over fifty millions of dollars.

Mr. Guthrie has, of course, in his numerous cases often been pitted against men many years his senior, and it has sometimes happened that, presuming on his youth and comparative inexperience, there have been efforts made to take advantage of him. But, I believe, on such occasions Mr. Guthrie has always managed to take care of himself and the interests he represented. Several years ago Mr. Robert Ingersoll made an effort of this nature in a case before Judge Shipman, of the United States Court. If I correctly remember the report of the case, the agnostic orator did not wear any laurels away when the case was finally determined.

In manner Mr. Guthrie is graceful and courteous, but he is dreadfully in earnest, and sometimes his aggressive and positive temperament asserts itself with great force, and then he is frank to the point of brusqueness. I have intimated that he was a lawyer pure and simple, and so he is, but he nevertheless takes a deep interest in politics, and is an ardent Republican. During the last Presidential campaign, during the long summer vacation, he made speeches in favor of Mr. Harrison in New York and Vermont, and achieved no little success as an orator. His ability as a speaker attracted the notice of General Sherman, who, though Mr. Guthrie had never met him, invited the young lawyer to accompany him and General Swayne to Denver, as the guest of that city, and assist in the speech-making which was necessary. This invitation was accepted, and Mr. Guthrie's part was done to the entire satisfaction of the old soldier. Though he be now wedded to the law, I should not be surprised for him to exhibit in a few years or so a desire to shine in a more public arena than the civil court-rooms afford. His is, so far, the record of a purely self-made man, and what he has accomplished has been in the face of disadvantages which would have entirely discouraged any but a man of extraordinary steadfastness of purpose.

WALTER DAMROSCH.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, the musician, had most important responsibilities thrust upon him at the age of twenty-two, when his father, the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, died in 1884. Dr. Damrosch, to whom probably, after Theodore Thomas, New York is more indebted for its present musical culture than to any other one man, was at the time of his death musical director and conductor of the German Opera Company, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, and also conductor of the Oratorio Societies. His young son was at once chosen to succeed him in all three of these positions. It may be that sentiment had much to do with the choice at the time, but as the son has proven himself an acceptable successor to the father, we can but be grateful that sentiments of affection for and loyalty to the dead leader had weight and consideration at the time.

Besides his father, Mr. Damrosch's musical instructors were Max Pinner, Rischbieter, and Urspruch in counterpoint, and Hans von Bülow in phrasing and conducting. Previous to succeeding his father he had been conductor of the Newark (New Jersey) Harmonic Society, which, among other things, produced Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," and the choral fantasia of Beethoven. He was also his father's assistant in the great musical festival held in the Seventh Regiment Armory in 1881.

The year of his father's death he took the German Opera Company on a tour to Chicago, Cincinnati, and Boston, and produced *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Walküre*, *The Prophet*, *Fidelio*, and many other operas. Everywhere his work was praised, and before a year had past he was no longer looked upon as an experiment, but as an assured success. When his old master Von Bülow was last in this country, that great interpreter of Beethoven expressed himself as delighted with the work of the Oratorio Society under young Damrosch's leadership, and after hearing the society's rendering of Grell's "Missa Solemnis," he wrote this letter to his former pupil:

> "MY DEAR FRIEND AND VALIANT COLLEAGUE,—You gave me last night a very, very great pleasure, such as has seldom been afforded me; and you know how genuinely happy I am when I am able to admire sincerely an artistic performance. This was the case last night. Your chorus is a 'collective virtuoso,' such as the oldest and most celebrated institutions of the kind in the German Emperor's city of Berlin cannot hope to approach. How happy would the departed author of the wonderful art work have been if he could have been present at its transatlantic interpretation! 'Per aspera ad astra!' I exclaimed again and again, while the intoxicatingly beautiful sounds of so many well-skilled throats came to my ears. If the spirit of my old and revered comrade, Leopold Damrosch, could only have listened to the endeavors of the son, the worthy successor and continuer of the work begun by him—the artistification of the land of freedom! But he does continue to live in you. 'Macte virtute tua, Valter! Vale et me ama!'
>
> Your HANS VON BÜLOW."

Mr. Damrosch's friends think that he had much to do with influencing Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the president of Symphony and Oratorio societies, to build the beautiful Music Hall in New York which was dedicated some months ago. Considering the manner of man Mr. Carnegie happens to be, and that he usually does only what he wants to do and is never influenced by any one, it is not likely that Mr. Damrosch had much to do in influencing the millionaire iron-master in arriving at the determination which has resulted so beneficently for New York. But Mr. Damrosch has undoubtedly had much to do with the formulation and carrying into practical effect of Mr. Carnegie's ideas. And in the administration of the Music Hall he will doubtless have much authority.

Mr. Damrosch is a modest and studious man and a hard worker, and has a sincere desire to assist in the musical education of the American public. He has delivered lectures in New York, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, and other places, on the "Symbolism of Wagner's Works," translating the text into English, and interpreting the music on the piano. He is not an ultra-Wagnerian, but broad and catholic in his admiration for the best in all schools. He is a son-in-law of Mr. James G. Blaine.

JOHN S. SARGENT.

Though Mr. John S. Sargent, the distinguished artist, was born in Italy, and has spent much the larger portion of his life in foreign lands, his breeding is so distinctly American that we are constrained not only to claim him as belonging to us, but to defend that claim against all pretensions. His ancestors were prominent in the affairs of Massachusetts before the Revolutionary war, and during that conflict they were soldiers who bore themselves with sturdy and patriotic manliness. His father, Dr. Fitzwilliam Sargent, was a resident of Philadelphia and a distinguished surgeon there until a year before the birth of this son, the greatest of a long line of considerable men. But he is American in everything except the accidents of birth and residence, and perhaps, some may say, in his art. It would be unfair to say this, however, unless it be impossible, merely because one man seems to be a few heads taller than the rest of his countrymen, that he should be of fellowship with them.

Mr. Sargent is now thirty-four years old, but ten years ago he exhibited a portrait in Paris and afterwards in New York which gave to him an immediate fame. This picture was a portrait of Carolus Duran, his master. In this picture, which in later works he has far surpassed, he gave us some hint of that which has been his most striking characteristic, namely, that an intention and the act of carrying it out are for him one and the same thing. In this portrait he gave almost the full measure of this admirable peculiarity, that perception with him is already by itself a kind of execution.

Since this portrait of Carolus Duran, Mr. Sargent has exhibited a great many canvases in Paris, in London, and in New York, and he has all the time been growing in strength and power. His portrait of a young lady dressed in black satin and standing upright, with her right hand bent back and resting on her waist, while the other, with the arm somewhat extended, offers to view a single white flower, was so satisfactory to that admirable critic Mr. Henry James that he said of it: "My admiration for this deeply distinguished work is such that I am perhaps in danger of overstating its merits; but it is worth taking into account that to-day, after several years of acquaintance with them, these merits seem more and more to justify enthusiasm. The picture has this sign of productions of the first order, that its style clearly would save it if everything else should change—our measure of its value of resemblance, its expression of character, the fashion of dress, the particular associations it evokes. It is not only a portrait, but a picture, and it arouses even in the profane spectator something of the painter's sense, the joy of engaging also, by sympathy, in the solution of the artistic problem. There are works of which it is sometimes said that they are painter's pictures (this description is apt to be intended invidiously), and the production of which I speak has the good fortune at once to belong to this class and to give the 'plain man' the kind of pleasure that the plain man looks for."

The article from which this extract is quoted was written four years ago, and Mr. James could not help saying that the rare accomplishments and great performances of Mr. Sargent at such an early age made him, as a critic of imagination, anxious about the young painter's future. But he has gone steadily on. Each new portrait, when the subject was not unhappy, has marked some further progress in that marvellous capacity which Mr. Sargent possesses of putting upon his canvases, without apparent effort, exactly what his artist eyes do see. There seemed to be a culmination of this when there was exhibited in New York last spring Mr. Sargent's portrait of Beatrice. Readers of the WEEKLY will remember what the best-known portrait-painters of New York were moved to say in praise of this beautiful portrait. This was undoubtedly a painter's picture. It had qualities which other eyes failed fully to see, but it also was lucky in pleasing plain men, and during all the continuance of the exhibition there was always a crowd before Beatrice's portrait.

Every critic, and almost every artist as well, is tempted to compare Mr. Sargent to Velasquez, because it is well known that in his early youth, after spending some time in Spain, Velasquez was the great god of his idolatry. But in all probability it is scarcely fair to compare him with the great Spaniard, or to even say that Sargent's work suggests that master. Last spring, when all men were talking of Beatrice, that clever painter and discriminating critic Mr. Frank Millet said of this disposition: "I don't see why they should do this. I don't see why they should not just as well compare this picture to any other master of portraiture. This portrait, and Sargent's work generally, have excellences which belong peculiarly to him. Then, again, these critics and artists talk a great deal about Sargent's mastery of technique. Here again I disagree with them, for Sargent is superior to technique. There are many men who in this regard surpass him, because with them the technique is the end and not the means. Indeed, in the mere matter of painting itself—and I take this to be what the critics mean by technique—Sargent's strength does not particularly lie. His other peculiar qualities enable him to produce results which are entirely satisfactory as distinct from fine painting. His master, for instance, Carolus Duran, probably has quite as masterly a technique as Sargent, but Sargent has something beyond his master, and that is style. When he paints a portrait of a man or a woman or a child there never fails to be something distinguished about the personality of the subject. This style is the crowning glory of his work. But, in the first instance, he does that to perfection without which no portrait has any value—he catches the character of the subject, and he retains it with marvellous fidelity."

But however Mr. Millet disagreed with his brother critics and artists as to the method of criticising Sargent's work, he agreed with them all that Sargent was not only the first among American artists, but the first portrait-painter in all the world.

HARVESTING ON A BONANZA FARM.

THE original cave dweller—dear child of the Working Scientist—harvested his wheat crop by going out to his field and gnawing off the heads of the grain with his active jaws. The plan had its advantages and also its disadvantages—on the whole, our able progenitor longed for something better. Then there arose a thoughtful paleozoic inventor who pointed out that the grain could be pulled up by the roots and the heads thrashed out in the palm of the hand. This satisfied our esteemed ancestor, and matters ran along thus for a few hundred thousand years; indeed, I claim the Working Scientist's privilege to be vague as to years. Let us throw overboard the cave-dweller, for that matter, and come along down to modern times. Let us begin with the sickle, for instance.

You may still find old men who will tell you that they can remember when farmers in this country had nothing but the sickle with which to harvest their wheat and rye. A dozen men worked in single file, and cut the grain with one hand and gathered it on the other arm, stopping every "round" to drink earnestly out of a big jug of New England rum or Pennsylvania whiskey. Then came the cradle—a scythe with "fingers" on it—which made the grain lie straight. Many farmers have a cradle yet for corners and odd nooks. With it one man cut down the grain and another bound it into sheaves. Then arose a direct descendant of the paleozoic genius, and invented a reaper drawn by horses. This was in the '30's, say. A man drove, and a small boy sat on a low seat and raked off the grain in gavels. He was practically the same small boy who used to pull the strings that worked the cut-off valve in the first steam-engine. He soon lost his occupation in both instances—in the case of the reaper they invented a mechanical rake. It took five men to follow on foot and bind up what the reaper cut down. Still the farmer wasn't satisfied. So they made him the harvester. Two men besides the driver rode on this, and bound the grain as it was brought up on an endless apron to where they stood. They had an awning over them, and were very comfortably situated. This was in the '70's. Still the agriculturist fretted. Then he got the self-binder, which he has yet—though he is beginning to find fault with it and talk about electricity—and an excellent large picture of it is printed in this copy of the WEEKLY.

At first they tried to tie up the grain with wire, but it did not work very well, and the machines were abandoned, and others using manila or hemp twine were tried with better results. The binder invented by a man named Appleby has perhaps been the most successful. It is shown in the picture attached to cutting-machines of different makes. The twine or cord is very strong, and is a little larger than a round shoestring. It seldom breaks, and the sheaves are tied up firmer and better than by hand. The self-binder is somewhat complicated, but it seems simple when we consider what it does. It is the most intelligent machine used on the farm, if I may so express it. It would make the paleozoic man dizzy to watch it. All it asks is that the hired man shall keep his fingers out of it and furnish it plenty of grain to bind up. It does not tie a square or "hard" knot, nor yet a bow-knot. Bring the two ends of a string together for two or three inches from their ends; then, considering the two strings as one, tie one single plain school-boy knot in it, and you have the knot made by a self-binder. It is the hardest knot in the world to untie, and it never "gives" a particle. In the machine it is made by a funny, crafty little thingumbob which turns around half way, opens its mouth and seizes the cord, turns on around, and lets go sullenly, as if it had half a mind not to. A knife cuts the cord, another thingumbob holds the ends, two arms sweep the sheaf off on to the ground, and the binder waits for enough grain to accumulate for another sheaf, when it starts itself and repeats the operation. It works with the precision of a fine steam-engine, if the hired man will only let it alone.

Our illustration, with the noisy orator on the first machine, and the mule agitator on the second, and the undefined individuals on the twenty-three others, is on one of the big "bonanza" farms of Minnesota or the Dakotas. Let us say it is in the valley of the sinuous Red River of the North. Perhaps it is on the great Dalrymple farm of nobody knows how many thousand acres. The waving wheat rolls away like the pampas plains of South America. It does not seem as if it can come from the work of man, but that wheat must be the natural product of the soil. The country is level as a floor. The wheat ripens in July, and the harvest runs into August. The days are long in this land then—it is near the forty-seventh parallel. Before the sun comes, clear and golden, the men are up looking after their horses. The eight-hour-day agitation has not reached the Red River of the North; walking delegates walk not; the men are satisfied if they get eight hours in which they do *not* work. The shadows are still long and the day breeze but just awakening when the noisy clatter of the machines begins. I grieve to say that profanity, fluent and copious, is thought necessary to start everything as it should be started. The richly laden heads of the wheat are bowed even lower than usual with the weight of the heavy dew. The wild roses down among the wheat are at their brightest. Over by the river there are acres of wild sunflowers on their long waving stems beginning to rise and fall in the morning breeze. Along the road and by the edge of the field—for there is an edge somewhere—the golden-rod and the first purple flowers of autumn stand stiffly, with the dewdrops clinging to them.

There are meadow-larks and brown thrushes to furnish the music, and a flock of prairie chickens whir away; the long line of machines moves on regularly and noisily; the language of the drivers remains plain, and the mules learn precisely what is thought of them by the men most intimately associated with them, and therefore in the best position to judge them correctly. The sun mounts higher in a sky deeply and darkly blue—a mid-continent blue, with none of the watery mistiness of the sea-coast. When the summer clouds begin to appear, towards noon, they are white and fleecy, like great billowy pillows of down, but their edges are as clearly marked against the rich blue as a swan's breast against the dark waters of a lake. Till late in the afternoon the sun shines down fiercely, tempered every few minutes by the clouds, which move up all day long in a never-ending procession from the south, and whose shadows chase each other like great stealthy daytime ghosts across the bending wheat. But they are not rain-clouds, and at night they hide away somewhere in the north, except a few, perhaps, which become long dark bands near the horizon, and sometimes, if the night be warm, play at harmless lightning-flashing like great lazy fire-flies of the sky; and the fire-flies of the world below are out among the sunflowers before the noisy binders stop, and the mules, with their characters once more openly held up to public scorn, are led to the house for the night. The sun went down some time before, looking like a big globe of burnished gold; the white calm moon comes up far away across the level silent plain, and the tired men creep to rest.

Another day of the harvest is done. The paleozoic gentleman was primitive in his harvesting methods, but I fancy he enjoyed himself more than they do in the valley of the Red River of the North. He did not work so hard, and he had more time to lie on his back and watch the white clouds float across the far-away mysterious sky.

AN HOUR ON THE HOUSE-TOP.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WE were all sitting out on the roof; the day had been overpoweringly sultry. Now a fitful breeze blew in from the river; the innumerable lights of the city flashed out in long irregular lines up and down the avenues, and far off over the water shone faintly the torch of Liberty.

"Ah, look there!" suddenly exclaimed the Unknown, so called for some real or imagined likeness to that breathing bust, the "Femme Inconnue," under whose marble lids lurks the very soul of the Renaissance.

We all became silent, and followed the glance of the speaker. Far below us, on a neighboring house-top, a child was endeavoring to launch his kite, which, again and again, started eagerly forward, buoyed up by the current among the chimney-pots, only to hang for a moment in mid-air and fall back powerless. It was a pantomime that captured the fancy.

"Tell me, what does it remind you of?" said the Unknown, looking round with that elusive expression which one knows not whether to call more arch or reflective.

Every one considered a moment; the Colonel spoke first. He is a hale old gentleman, inclining to stoutness, with a fine bald head carried a little forward, and the air of a man of affairs who has retired from the world, retaining a large stock of perfectly marketable opinions.

"Well, my dear," began the Colonel, with a certain playful emphasis, "it reminds me of the way the young fellows launch out in life nowadays. They start off briskly, and you'd think (if you took their word for it) they were bound to go up like so many sky-rockets; but when the wind gives out, or the first flurry catches them, down they come tumbling end over end, and want their old fathers to give 'em a run again." And the Colonel laughed his low resonant laugh; he has two sons who are not unknown on the Stock Exchange.

"It looks to me like some wild live creature that wants to get loose. You remember the lamb in Wordsworth's poem:

> 'What ails thee, young one—what?
> Why pull so at thy cord?'"

murmured the Artist, a tall, pale girl, with a cameo profile and long white fingers. She fixed her large gray-blue eyes on the kite, which at that moment was tugging uneasily at its tether.

"Yes; or a lad just learning to swim," said the Doctor, who was smoking his pipe on the highest seat. "He can just take two strokes before his head goes under. There! What did I tell you?"

"I'm surprised you don't find a more medical simile," said the Banker's Clerk in a bantering tone. "A swimmer when the cramp has got him at least, or the life flaring up in a consumptive patient." He broke off suddenly, for has it not been whispered that the Doctor's sweetheart died of consumption?

"And you?" said the Unknown, laying her hand on the sleeve of the Colonel's Wife.

"Well, for my part," said the Colonel's Wife, with that slight air of rebuke which practical wisdom ever assumes toward sentiment, "it reminds me of nothing so much as of the time when I was a girl, and used to go out to fly kites with my brothers on the round hill back of our house in Vermont."

A smile went round the company, but it was too dark to see it.

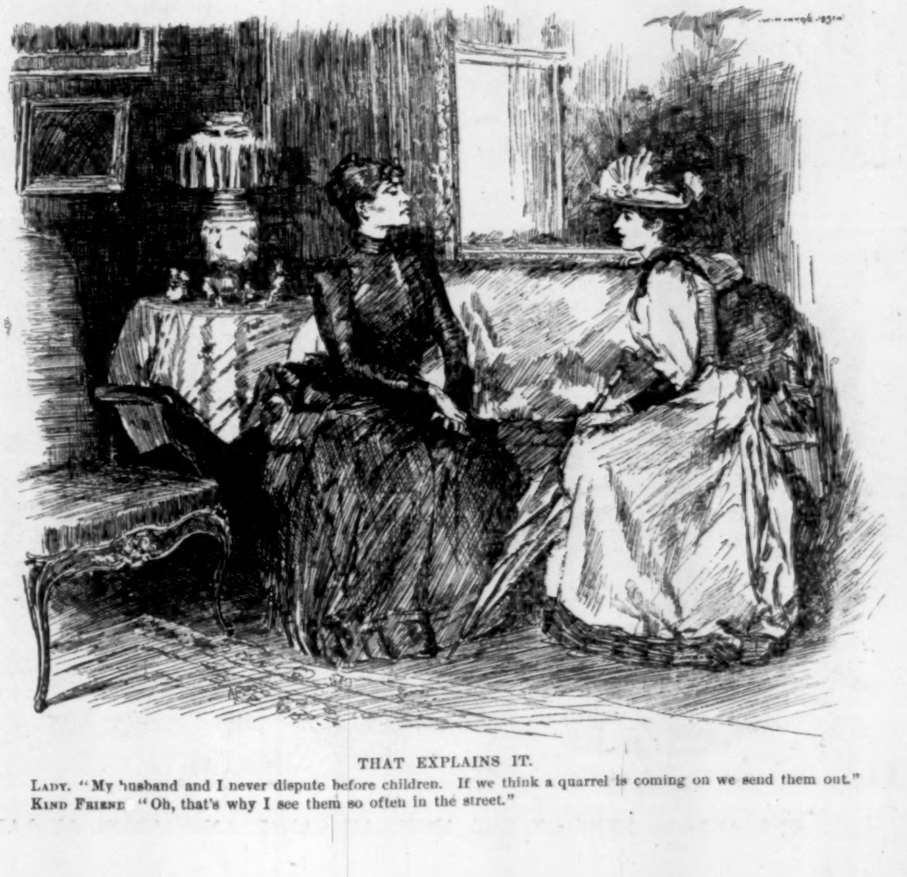
"Now that's odd, for it makes me think of a fellow turning his back on the girl that hasn't treated him well," observed the Banker's Clerk—that young man with large rings on his hands. We all laughed, for the words "turning his back" were pronounced with a slight swagger, and as he spoke, the kite, after a vacillating flight, dropped ingloriously at the feet of its owner.

"And of what does it remind you?" asked the Unknown, turning last to the stranger.

"Of the struggle of the human soul for the higher life."

I looked up. The Doctor was puffing away at his pipe, with his hat pulled over his eyes; the Colonel's Wife was rearranging her shawl; and the Artist was looking out over the water, with her thumb to her chin in a Delsartian attitude. But the Unknown drew a sharp breath, as if a responsive chord had been struck. Could it be, I thought, that this awkward young man, whose dogged reserve had won him the name of Stranger, and whose two cheap country suits were not yet worn in holes, had felt those spiritual conflicts which make the soul of a man the highest battle-ground in the universe, and that that dingy law office down-town held the hope of a more than material success? There are two marks—a curve of the lip, a line of the eyebrow—that are the unmistakable characters of suffering; had I never observed his face before to see that handwriting there? And was it less strange if such pangs were experienced in the delicate half-formed breast of the Unknown?

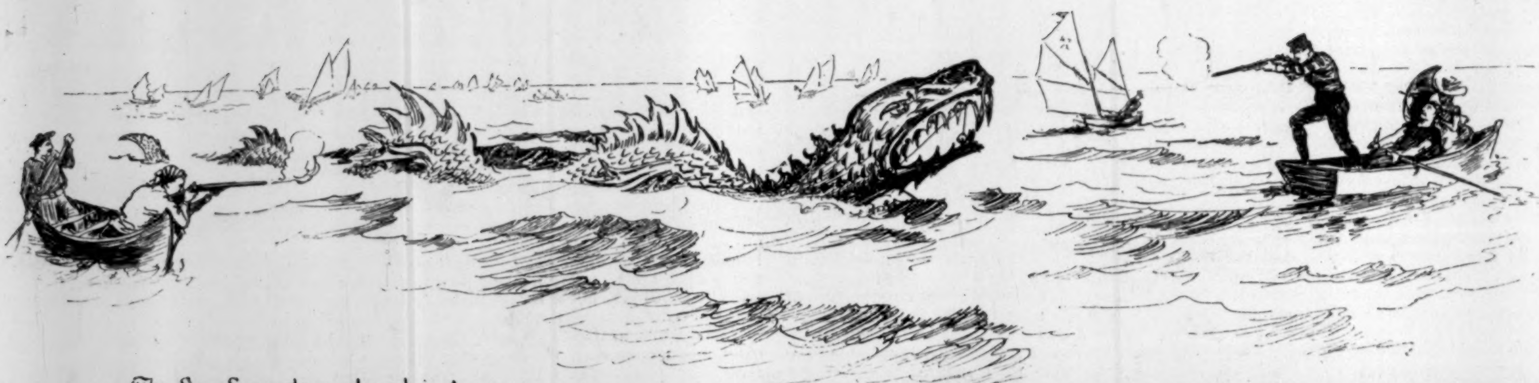
I sat on the lowest step, apart from the rest; no one looked at me or asked my opinion. The Artist shook out her diaphanous black skirt, the Banker's Clerk piled up his arms with cushions, and the little party broke up, and went down from the house top as the moon began to brighten. The Unknown and the Stranger walked last, speaking together. Far below in the twilight I saw the kite once more, rising steadily as if it would mount to heaven. I watched it; for a moment it hung balanced, and then fell, like a lost soul.



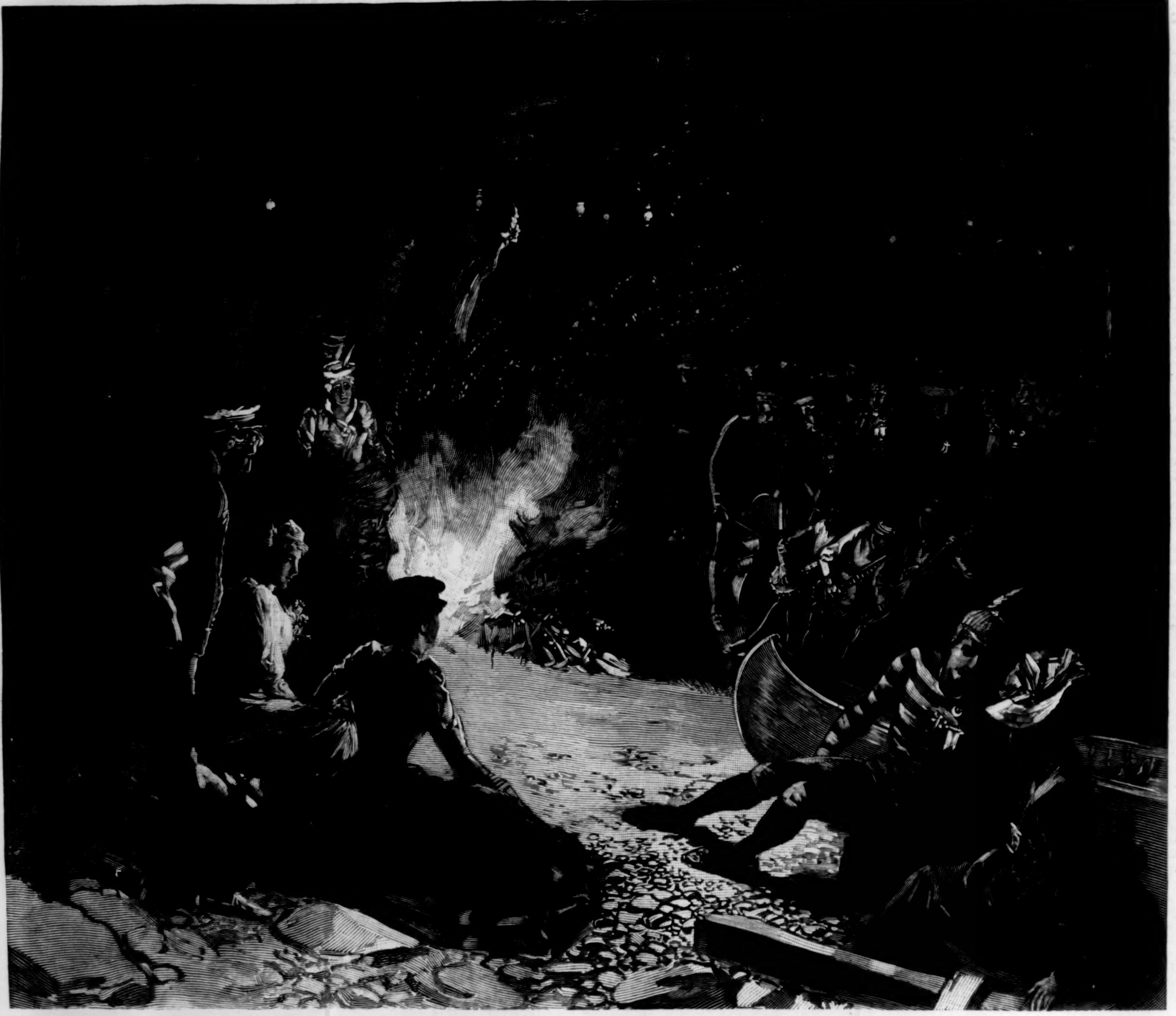
THAT EXPLAINS IT.

LADY. "My husband and I never dispute before children. If we think a quarrel is coming on we send them out."

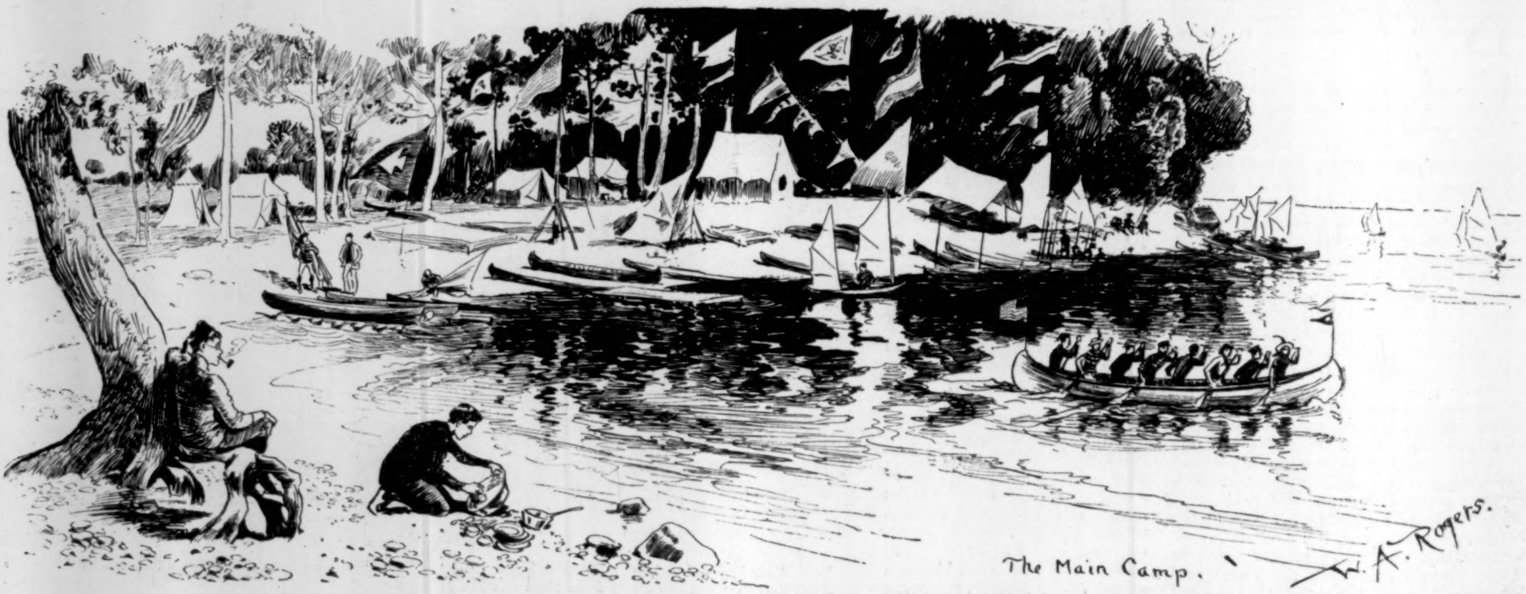
KIND FRIEND "Oh, that's why I see them so often in the street."



The Sea-Serpent makes his Appearance.



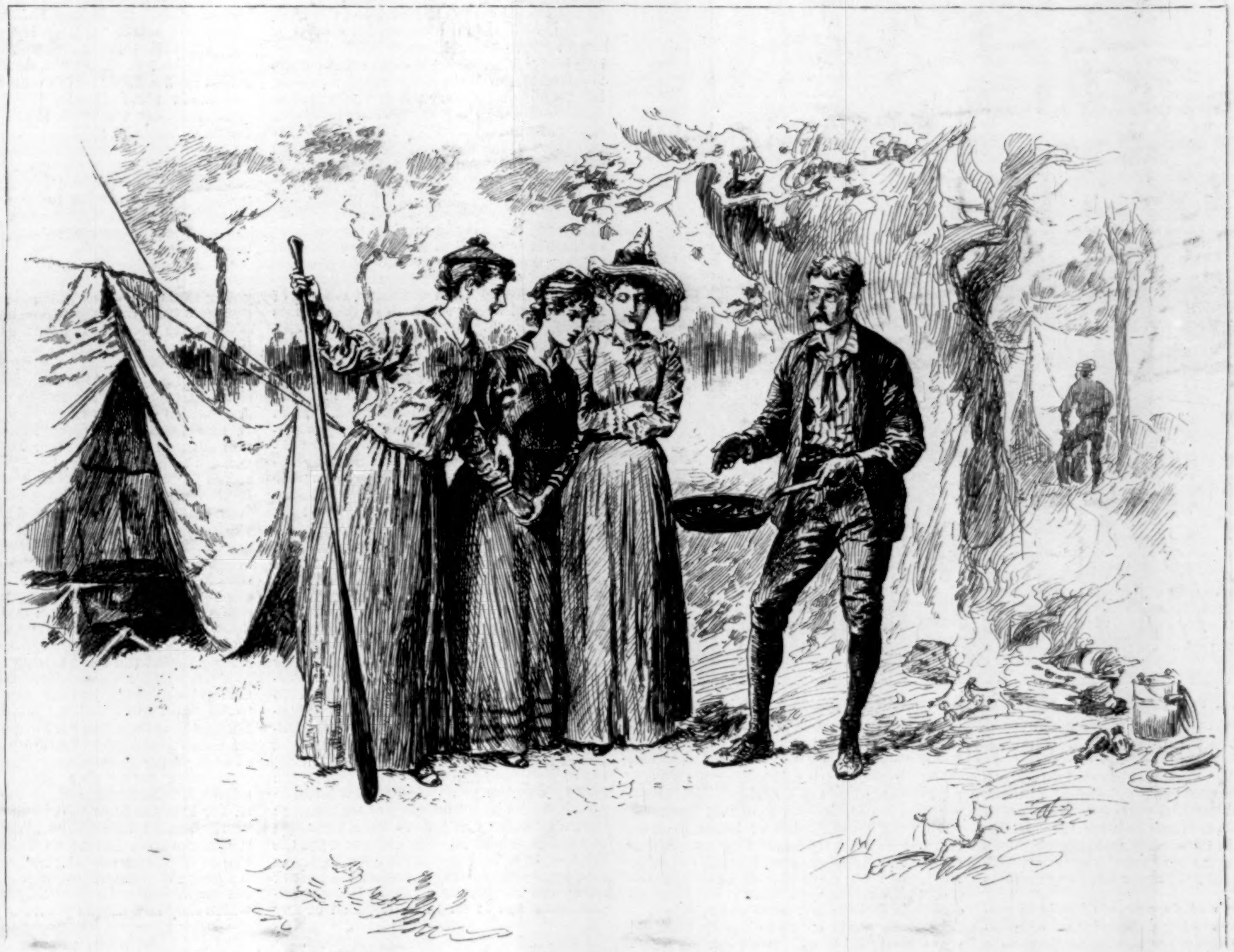
THE CAMP FIRE AT SQUAW POINT.



The Main Camp.

W. A. Rogers.

THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 665.]



AN AMATEUR COOK.

THE CANOE MEET AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY C. B. VAUX.

IT is simply a large camp on the shore of a lake, river, or bay, this annual meet of the members of the American Canoe Association. The campers live in tents, board at a general mess or do their own cooking, keep their canoes on board skids along the shore when they are not in use, and for two weeks live a free, out-of-door, open-air life. Races are held which occupy four and sometimes five days of the time. And this is the outline of every meet of the twelve which have been held since the organization of the A. C. A. at Lake George in August, 1880.

What is it that attracts between two and three hundred men every year to spend their vacations at the canoe meet? It would seem that after one visit the canoe-man would rather cruise or do something else the second year. Yet there are those who appear in camp year after year, and they enjoy it more and more. It is not the racing that attracts them, for less than one-quarter of the men in camp race; and yet the racing is a feature, proved by the fact that there are always more men in camp on the racing-days than at any other time. If a man has only a few days to spare, he is sure to appear during race week. He knows there will be more fun then.

The meet this year is at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain, and the canoe camp is located at the end of the point, extending back along both shores. The steamboat-landing and Willsborough Inn are half a mile away, on the eastern or lake side of the point. The mess-shed and women's camp are on the same side, a goodly distance north of the inn. The men's camp is on the bay side, and extends from the tip end of the point nearly a mile to the south along the shore.

All former meets have been limited to two weeks. This one lasts for three, as a general request was made to have a week of quiet camp life after the races, which always take place the second week. The officers therefore set the dates from August 6th to 27th, to include all the moonlight of the month. During the first week every boat brings canoes, canoe men and women, and quantities of camping-goods. The tents go up as if by magic, floors are built, flag-poles erected in front of each club's camp; landing-stages for canoes are made along-shore; the racing-boats are unpacked, polished, overhauled, and tried on the water, and the days seem not half long enough. Then follows race week, during which the days are spent on the water and the evenings around camp fires or in the pavilion, where dancing may be enjoyed when music is to be hired, begged, or borrowed; and when it is not to be had, the clever fellows are sure to provide some other form of amusement quite as popular.

The old campers and all the racing men have learned by experience at former meets that it is more comfortable to depend on the mess than to attempt to do one's own cooking. The vacation is short enough, and there is so much to do that is more pleasing than cooking and dish-washing that these occupations are reserved for the cruise—in the future—which always occupies the largest room in every canoeman's castle in the air. The novices, on the other hand, are enthusiastic over every detail of camp life, and insist on doing their own fire-building and cooking. These fellows may be seen any day quite as late as ten o'clock still preparing breakfast, and they are then liable to be seen by the visitors, who are allowed in camp after that hour. The youth who has been working over the fire for three hours, and has only succeeded in burning a pan of chops while he left the fire for a moment to cut some bread, is considerably crestfallen to find a small party of girls from the Willsborough Inn standing near and fully taking in the situation. He is quite likely to buy a fifty-cent dinner check and get a "square" meal at the mess-shed before the day is over.

The dining-room at Willsborough Point is a large shed, with a fine floor suitable for dancing. The sides are open, and there is a kitchen connected with it. It was built for the use of picnic parties from Burlington by the owner of the point. Situated in a grove of trees near the water's edge, between the inn and the camp, it serves as dining-room by day and ballroom at night for the campers, and will accommodate two hundred at table easily.

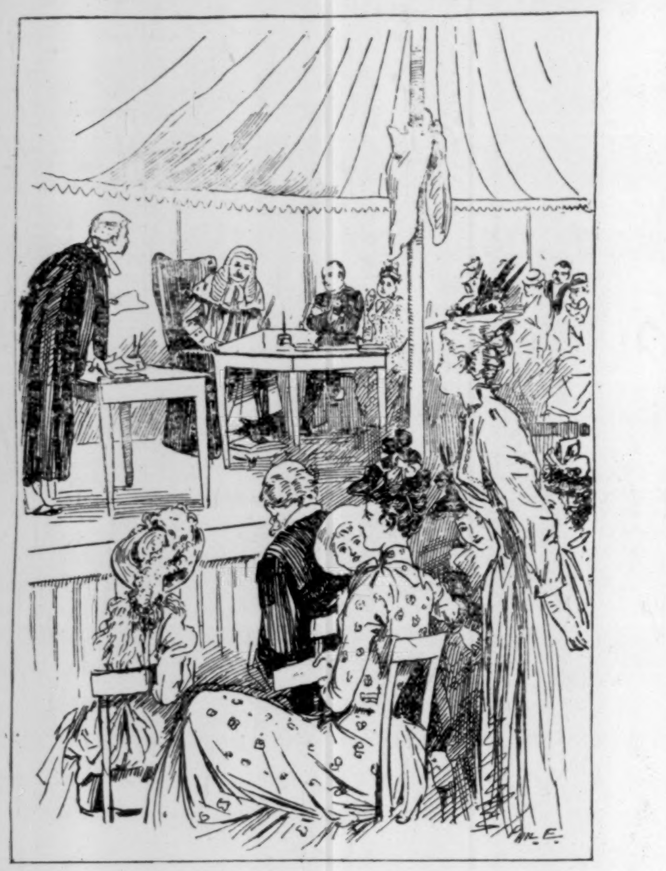
Perhaps the evenings at the meets are even more enjoyable than the days. At any rate, then is the time when sociability is at its height. There may be many camp fires or one large one. Around these fires gather the men and women—the ladies are included in the camp scheme, and they have a part of the camp reserved for them, which they kindly share with husbands, fathers, brothers, as the case may be—and those who have a good song or bright story entertain the group. The darkness, the surrounding water and woods, and the feeling of isolation naturally add to the brightness and cheerfulness of the camp fire, and tend to dispel reserve, and cement the bond of good-fellowship that reigns supreme. Here it is where new friends are made, and old friends meet again after years of separation. The individual duties or diversions of the day are done, and the time fitting for merriment or quiet chats over pipe-bowls and cigars. The canoe is the common bond of sympathy and a never-ending topic of conversation. In fact, the camp fire is such an attractive feature of the camp that it is on record of a few enthusiasts whose time was limited to a one week's stay that they went home having had two weeks of fun—one week of it day time and the other of night. Sleep was forgotten; that could be made up at home. This is not literally true, perhaps, but it is not wide of the mark, as any one may learn for himself by approaching the camp at the wee small hours, when he will be almost certain to find a fire burning, and two or three figures sitting before it in earnest conversation.

Many original schemes have been concocted by a few of the most original among the canoe-men at former meets—the smuggler chase at night in '84, when the camp was near the Canadian line; the camp circus under the big three-pole meeting-tent at Stave Island in '89; the mock trial of a member (charged with stealing a red lantern), who took the affair seriously, at Bowarrow Point in '87, and many other similar performances—but not one of them equalled the sea-serpent, seen off the camp at Lake Champlain last week, for originality of conception or perfection in execution.

Mr. L. W. Seavey has attended the meets for many years, and he has always been the prime mover in all schemes for the entertainment of the campers. This year he was ably seconded in his undertaking by Mr. W. A. Rogers. Together they constructed a sea-serpent, over one hundred and sixty feet long, out of lumber, calico, paint, and tinsel, in a wheat field back of Willsborough Inn. They spent several days in building it, and during that time kept the affair a profound secret, so that when it was finally launched and towed down past the camp on visitors' day it took every one by surprise and created a profound impression. The tow-line used was a very long one, which enabled the towing-boat to keep at a considerable distance from the monster, and no one suspected it had anything to do with the serpent in consequence. The serpent's jaws were movable, and when the tow-line was pulled the mouth opened wide, and closed again as the line was slackened.

The serpent first appeared moving against the wind, toward the point, while a race was being sailed, and visitors and campers were all gathered to see it. A better time could not have been chosen to create a sensation. Late in the afternoon the marine monster was put up high and dry on a low reef of rocks to the east of the women's camp. It was a formidable-looking object with its red, green, and blue tinsel scales glittering in the moonlight. The suggestion was made that if it were only possible to hitch it to the stern of some lake schooner while she was sailing it would be an impressive sight to watch the consternation of the crew. This may yet be done by some enterprising canoe-man.

The gateway to the camp is the wharf at which the steamers touch, and it is the connecting link between civilization and the free unceremonious life of the meet. Here friendships formed at meets in years gone by are cemented afresh. On it the first breath of the camp is taken in amid curious surroundings—crates, canoes, tents in bags, trunks, bundles, boxes of provisions, and all the odds and ends of camp and canoe duffle. Groups of campers stand about, waiting for friends or old acquaintances to come ashore, and they are royally welcomed when they do set foot on the string-piece. And here again during the last week gather those "homeward-bound"; and they never seem glad to be going in that direction, strange as it may seem. A warm hand-shake, a "Good-by, old fellow; I'll see you at the '92 if not before," the bell rings, and the steamer moves away. Then there is a waving of handkerchiefs, and the '91 meet is over.



THE TRIAL FOR THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON: THE SPEECH FOR THE CLAIMANTS.

THE DUNMOW FLITCH AND THE DOGGETT COAT AND BADGE.

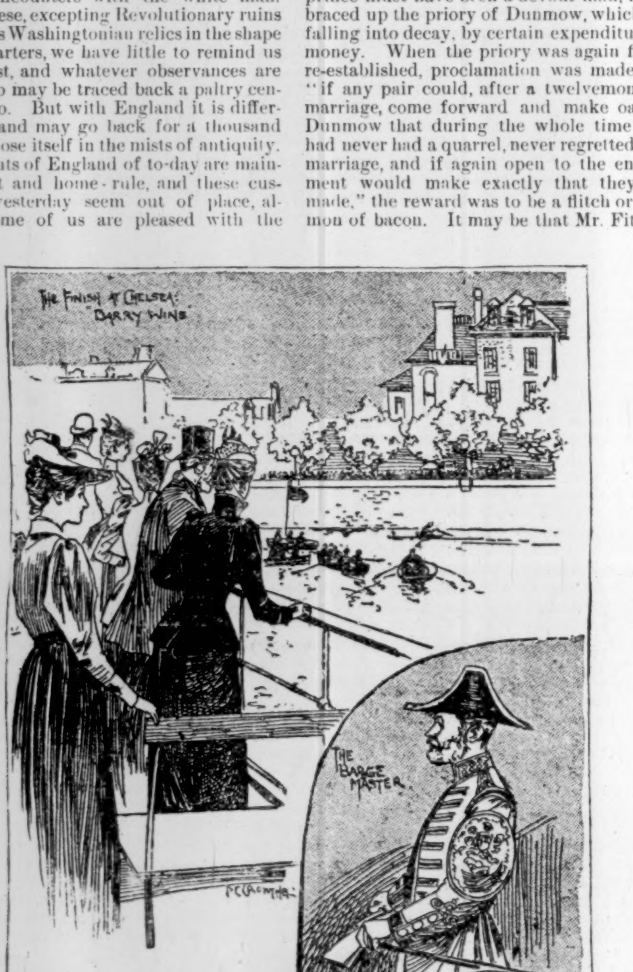
OUR English cousins celebrated this month the anniversary of two most original customs, both several hundred years old. They are of interest to Americans because the customs are curious in themselves, and because, unless some one begins very soon, Americans, with all their wealth, will never have any customs to celebrate.

We are, as a whole, a people devoid of customs, and possessing a limited stock of traditions. The latter are mostly confined to a score or so of cliffs from which Indian maidens have dashed headlong on account of faithless lovers, and a few blighted portions of this otherwise fertile country are accounted for by the fierce curses of native chiefs who have been moved to revenge by ill luck in their encounters with the white man. Beyond these, excepting Revolutionary ruins and various Washingtonian relics in the shape of headquarters, we have little to remind us of the past, and whatever observances are still held to may be traced back a paltry century or two. But with England it is different—England may go back for a thousand years and lose itself in the mists of antiquity. Our thoughts of England of to-day are mainly baccarat and home-rule, and these customs of yesterday seem out of place, although some of us are pleased with the faithfulness of spirit that demands their annual repetition. Only a short time ago—within a few weeks—the people of Dunmow gave away three flitches of bacon to three married couples because they swore that their married life was one of unalloyed bliss. Now, when you come to look at such a proceeding from a modern stand-point, it seems decidedly foolish; but when you realize that the fashion was instituted some six hundred years ago, you think there must be something in it to have withstood the test of time. A certain English gentleman called Robert Fitzwalter existed in the early part of the thirteenth century, and probably would have been forgotten now had not King John taken a liking to him. This favorite of a fickle prince must have been a devout man, for he braced up the priory of Dunmow, which was falling into decay, by certain expenditures of money. When the priory was again firmly re-established, proclamation was made that "if any pair could, after a twelvemonth of marriage, come forward and make oath at Dunmow that during the whole time they had never had a quarrel, never regretted their marriage, and if again open to the engagement would make exactly that they had made," the reward was to be a flitch or gammon of bacon. It may be that Mr. Fitzwalter had no hand in this offer, for history inclines to the belief that it emanated wholly from the priors. In their celibate state they were wont to look doubtfully upon the idea of conjugal happiness, and possibly they thought it a joke to offer such a reward, believing, with monkish cynicism, that they would "save their bacon." (Whether the origin of the last saying is due to these priors is doubtful, but it is certain that the phrase has been used by every writer in connection with Dunmow Priory.) Matrimony in those days must not have been perfect, for there is no record of anybody coming forward until 1445. Indeed, Chaucer wrote before this,

> "The bacon was not fet for (t)hem, I trow,
> That some men have in Essex, at Dunmow."

Whatever this may mean, it points at least to marital woe, and to Mr. Richard Wright belongs the honor of furnishing an example of wedded bliss. Mr. Wright was a laboring-man who hailed from Badbury, county of Norfolk, and he got his flitch of bacon; this in 1445. Twelve years later, Stephen Samuel, of Ayston-parva, in Essex, took an oath in the presence of his neighbors, and he too got the flitch. How fittingly the instruments of Fate are chosen is shown by the fact that by profession he was a husbandman. When the iron hand of Henry VIII. fell upon priories and such, that at Dunmow was not exempt, but the custom was continued by the proprietors. One Jacob Shakeshaft made demand for the bacon, and was placed on trial before a jury of six maidens and six bachelors; these he had to satisfy that the flitch in question was deserved. Success crowned his efforts, and he was carried through the town in a chair with his wife; and being of a shrewd mind, it is related that he sold slices of the bacon to the admiring spectators, which numbered about five thousand. David Osborne, the painter, made a picture of some similar procession of a lucky pair. But there was disappointment and sorrow in store for John Gilder, who in 1772 came to the priory gates and claimed the bacon, for the gates were closed, and Mr. Gilder had to go away unsatisfied. The lord of the manor of Dunmow was astonished, not to say grieved, at the demand made upon him by a happy pair in 1851. His lordship positively declined to dispose of his bacon in that way, but the neighbors were interested to such an extent that the claimants got the prize, after making good their assertions. In fact, such was the scepticism on the part of all except the parties concerned that a solemn oath was at all times required of any pair who came forward as models of happiness and peace, and to make the oath impressive they were obliged to swear upon two great stones lying near the church door. In 1855 Mr. Harrison Ainsworth revived the custom, and as the lord of Dunmow and the clergy and neighboring gentry declined to take any such thing under their protection, the town-hall was used, and two couples received each a flitch. This year the custom was again observed, and three gentlemen with their wives were rendered happy by the presentation of flitches. They were tried by the jury of six maidens and six bachelors, and counsel appeared for both sides, Hymen winning. The ceremony was a public one, neither the chairing nor the swearing being omitted, and numbers of people were present. A doctor and a clergyman were two of the beneficiaries.

On the first day of August there is another custom that is annually observed by the young watermen on the Thames. This custom goes back only about one hundred and seventy-five years, but is curious enough to have originated several centuries before; it is hardly one that would be suggested to-day. The 1st of August, 1714, witnessed the ascension of George I. to the throne of England. A comedian of Drury Lane, Thomas Doggett by name, was highly pleased at this Protestant succession, and to show his delight organized a boat-race on the Thames, to be rowed by the young watermen just finishing their apprenticeship, the course being laid from London Bridge to the old Swan Inn at Chelsea. On his death-bed Mr. Doggett bequeathed a sum of money to continue these races, and they have since been annually rowed. The prizes are an orange-colored coat and a silver badge bearing the Hanoverian symbol of a white horse, and the race is known as "Doggett's Coat and Badge." It was observed this year, as usual, six men having earned the right to compete by winning the trial heats some days before. Every man got a prize, the last one winning £2, but to the victor £10 additional was given. Mr. Doggett is recorded as "a little lively spract man who danced the 'Chesire Rounds' full as well as the famous Captain George, but with more nature and nimbleness"; but neither his dancing nor his acting have gained for him the fame that is granted to him by the annual race due to his affection for the Hanoverian King. In 1863, when the Prince of Wales visited Fishmongers' Hall, the guard of honor was composed of eighteen watermen who wore the Doggett coat which they had won in previous years.



SKETCHES AT THE RACE FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE ON THE THAMES.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association is this year attracting such unusual attention, both from players and the public generally, that it may not be uninteresting to briefly review the history of former meetings held under the auspices of this prosperous organization. The first was held at Newport just ten years ago, and the long list of successful tournaments since that time makes it certain that the court of the Newport Casino will be the scene of the contest for many years to come. Narragansett has its advantages; and after visiting the beautiful courts recently constructed in Congress Park, Saratoga, I realize that a tournament may be played there amid as beautiful surroundings as can be found anywhere in this country. But there is something about Newport, with its atmosphere of refinement and culture and its beautiful women, which has marked it as pre-eminently the place where the champion in this the most refined and most courtly of games should be crowned.

JUST TEN YEARS AGO Mr. R. D. Sears, of Boston, for the first time plainly showed himself to be the king of lawn-tennis players of this country. At that time there was a pronounced rivalry for the honor between Sears and Dr. Dwight, also of Boston, who is acting as referee of the present tournament. Dwight had been the teacher, and Sears the pupil, but, beginning with the first championship tournament, the latter rapidly forged ahead of his instructor, and for the next seven years stood head and shoulders above every player in the country. In 1881, 1882, and 1883 he played through the All Comers tournament, and in each year secured the championship without the loss of a single set. In 1884 the champion was for the first time compelled to stand out and meet the winner of the tournament for the championship. Under this new rule Sears was equally successful, defeating in the next four years H. A. Taylor, G. M. Brinley, R. L. Beeckman, and H. W. Slocum, Jun. Once, and only once, was he in danger of losing his title. This was in 1886.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST OF 1886 was a fierce one, and few then realized or now remember by what a narrow margin the champion escaped a sensational defeat. The summer before, Sears had played in England, and on returning to this country had brought with him the new stroke, which has since been incorrectly styled "the Lawford." R. L. Beeckman, who from an early age had shown a wonderful aptitude for the game, took to the new stroke, and during the summer of 1886 used it with more accuracy and skill than any player whom I have seen attempt it since, with the exception of R. D. Sears, and perhaps Clarence Hobart in his present form. Beeckman won the All Comers rather unexpectedly, but having gained that victory, he seemed imbued with new life and skill, and never before had he appeared in such form as on the day he met Sears for the championship. It was said that the latter was not in good physical condition, and at a critical moment in the fourth set he suffered severely from cramp in his fingers. The progress of the match was several times interrupted on this account, and as the winning of the fourth set depended upon the result of only two or three points, it has always been claimed by Beeckman's friends that a strict enforcement of the rules would have given him the victory; for Sears himself, as I remember it, confessed that he could hardly have played through another set. As it was, the champion just succeeded in defending his title; but Beeckman will always enjoy the honor of having forced him nearer to defeat than ever before or ever since.

THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE CHAMPIONSHIPS is familiar to all. It is easily recalled how Sears, with an unbroken record of victories, was compelled to retire from competition in 1888 in consequence of an injury to his neck, and how H. W. Slocum, Jun., by virtue of winning the All Comers tournament of that year, became champion by default. Slocum's successful defence of his title against Q. A. Shaw, Sen., in 1889, and finally his loss of the championship to O. S. Campbell last year, are facts of too recent occurrence to need comment. But whenever a group of players gather together nowadays to exchange reminiscences, that wonderful record of R. D. Sears supplies a never-failing subject of argument and discussion. Has lawn-tennis made a great advance as a game of skill, or could the Searses of old have easily defeated the Campbells, the Hobarts, the Huntingtons, and the Hoveys of to-day? In my own opinion, Sears, given one month of steady practice, could have gone through the All Comers tournament this week just as easily as of old, and captured the championship in addition. This being granted, however, it would hardly be fair to argue that lawn-tennis has made no advance as a game of skill; for Sears, besides being a man still in the prime of life, has continually devoted himself to the sister games of lawn-tennis, such as racket and court-tennis, and it would not be reasonable to suppose that one so vastly superior to all others as he was five years ago could not keep pace with the improvement in skill since that time.

THE SPECIAL RACE for 46-footers held off Newport on the 17th, under the auspices of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, proved three statements that have been made in this column several times, viz., that *Gloriana* is peerless, that the performances of the other 46-footers have been too erratic for intelligent comparison, and that this particular event would be the most interesting of the yachting season. Aside from the racing feature, it is extremely interesting to follow these 46-footers in the various events, and note how very uncertain they have been. It is noticeable, however, that the entire class is sailing better, and in this instance the entries finished closer together than in any event this year. Much had been expected of *Beatrix*, and it was just precisely her day for "moving along"—a light breeze and smooth sea. But she was entirely out of the race for first place, and had all she could take care of in holding on to third place. *Gloriana's* work was very good. She was well handled, and landed the sweepstakes with very little difficulty.

THIS HERRESHOFF BOAT is really a marvel. She bowls along at a great rate in rough water and a heavy breeze, carrying canvas that would stagger any other one of the class. In pleasant weather, and not enough breeze to blow a hat off deck, she appears equally at home, and defeats rivals with a wondrous regularity. The astonishing part of this race was the manner in which *Oweene* held on to *Gloriana*, and would not be shaken off—*Oweene*, too, which has been doing so poorly in recent matches. Great preparations were made for this race. All the yachts were hauled out and cleaned, and the sails on the *Beatrix*, *Mineola*, and *Oweene* recut and modelled beautifully. It was to be the first meeting of *Beatrix* and *Gloriana*, and great things were expected of the former by the Boston contingent, but the centre-board advocates were doomed to disappointment, for she never made any race at all with the *Gloriana*. Of the others entered, *Barbara*, *Sayonara*, *Mineola*, *Jessica* finished in order named.

IT IS WELL TO NOTE for future reference that in windward work the *Gloriana* gained 4 minutes and 20 seconds on the *Beatrix*, while so persistently did the *Oweene* hang on, that 17 seconds was all she could leave her. It will be recalled how the *Beatrix* distanced the others, *Gloriana* excepted, in the race off Martha's Vineyard a few days ago, and the comments made on her windward work; but on the 17th she was left by the *Gloriana* in windward work as shown, and was able to do only about two minutes better than the *Barbara*; the latter, by-the-way, appears to have retired on the laurels she won in the Goelet Cup races in finishing second to *Gloriana*. She cannot be said to have been an entire success. Neither *Sayonara* nor *Mineola* did so well as they have done, though the former succeeded in getting over the line about three minutes before Mr. Belmont. Another point worthy of mental preservation is that on the second leg of the course, *Beatrix*, *Mineola*, and *Oweene* made better time than *Gloriana*, the former by 14 seconds, *Mineola* by 8 seconds, and *Oweene* by a trifle over 20 seconds. The *Gloriana* caught it up, however, and finished a winner by about 50 seconds. The management of the race was especially good, though this is invariably one of the features of the Corinthian Club's regattas.

THE FIRST WEEK OF TENNIS at Newport this year has demonstrated two facts beyond peradventure—one, that F. H. Hovey, fit and well, has, contrary to general belief, enough endurance to go through a hard five-set match and finish in good condition; the other, that the general play in the tournament shows great improvement. Some of those now ranked as second class will, if they advance during the coming year as they have in the past, get very near the fourth round in the next National championship. The drawings of the seventy-two entries were a little unsatisfactory, and it does appear unfortunate that the men known to be formidable could not be distributed evenly throughout the two halves of play. On the other hand, however, the uneven distribution is very apt to bring out at least one good match each day of the tournament, and consequently add greatly to the interest of spectators. So perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. The first day's play was destined to develop one of the two surprises of the week in W. P. Knapp's defeat by F. H. Hovey. Notwithstanding the fact that Knapp had not been seen in a tournament this year, and must necessarily be handicapped to a considerable extent thereby, his past record and well-known determined game were considered by most experts to be of sufficient advantage to more than counterbalance Hovey's superior training and brilliant though erratic play.

THIS WAS ONE OF THOSE SURE THINGS, however, which now and again go wrong, to the utter demoralization of what, in elegant reportorial diction, is called the "talent," for Mr. Knapp was defeated 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5; and what was still more astonishing, Hovey was by long odds the fresher of the two at the finish. It is a question whether Hovey would have been so fresh had he been defeated, victory is a remarkable bracer, but, at any rate, his condition was such as to completely reverse the opinion of those who had been led to believe this his weak point. How came such an impression then to get abroad? After watching his play closely through the first week of the tournament, at this writing (Sunday, August 23d) I rather believe that what has passed for lack of endurance would have been more appropriately called lack of heart, or, still better, discouragement. Mr. Hovey cannot be said to be wanting in "sand," for his match with Mr. Knapp, and later with Mr. P. S. Sears, in the first week, proved him well provided with that quality. The Sears match particularly was an up-hill game for Hovey from the very start, and under the most trying circumstances, as his opponent had captured the first two sets. Looking back over his career, it is noted that he has gone to pieces or weakened in the games where he has been beaten. He was fresh enough, for instance, after he had won the Intercollegiate Championship last fall, and so has he been in each of the games this week.

THE "WEAKENING" of Hovey, concerning which we have heard so much, has, in my opinion, been due entirely to his becoming discouraged during play and losing nerve. He is the most erratic performer on the tennis-court to-day. In the same set he will win several games by exceptionally brilliant play, and probably lose as many immediately afterwards by work that would be inexcusable in the veriest duffer. He appears to be very careless, missing easy strokes and making difficult ones. My theory of the weakening he has shown at times is that this selfsame bad play has so discouraging an influence on him as to affect his play perceptibly, and give the impression subsequently of physical deterioration when he has lost the match. It should further be said in Mr. Hovey's favor that he has labored under the disadvantage of poor physical condition in all the matches he has played this season until the present tournament. He told me that the match with Knapp was the first he had played this year when in good form. While on the subject of Mr. Hovey, and before taking up the business of the tournament, we have all read a great deal about his base-ball play having worked to the disadvantage of his tennis; it would take sharper eyes than mine to discover its harmful influence, however. None of Hovey's tennis failings are to be attributed to base-ball; on the contrary, I incline to the belief that to play base-ball in the spring is an advantage to the tennis-player. It puts him in prime physical condition, giving wind and endurance, and hardening all the muscles, especially those of the stomach and back and legs, which are most important, and it furthermore makes him quick on his feet. Hovey shows to a marked degree his training at short stop by his remarkable activity on the court.

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to bring two men together whose style of game was more dissimilar in most respects than that of Knapp and Hovey; the one, steady and, when in form, sure; the other, by turns brilliant and mediocre, always uncertain; both remarkable in returning a ball apparently impossible to reach. I should like to see a match between these two when each had gone through a season of tournament play. The game they put up on Tuesday morning, the opening day of the tournament, was closely contested, and extremely interesting on that account; but it was the poorest exhibition of tennis given by top players during the week. Knapp showed sadly the need of tournament play, and it might be well to add here that those who fancy they can get into championship form by mere practice with some one player are not likely to become very formidable. In no game is the necessity of meeting different players of the first class in order to acquire top form greater than in tennis. No player, no matter how expert, can hope to go through the Newport event without having been prepared by a tournament campaign.

IT WAS A SLOW GAME, each man appearing to be afraid of the other, and Knapp relying as much as possible on safe placing. Both, however, made faults enough to give the game away, a fact realized by a glance at the following analysis of the match: Placed balls, Hovey, 74; Knapp, 45. Drives out of court, Hovey, 43; Knapp, 48. Drives into the net, Hovey, 59; Knapp, 38. Double faults, Hovey, 10; Knapp 1. Aces on service, Hovey, 22; Knapp, 21. Total points won, Hovey, 101; Knapp, 47. The first set opened with Hovey a bit nervous and Knapp confident, and finally resulted in the latter's favor, 6-3. Hovey then braced up, and although he won the next two sets by scores of 6-3 and 6-4, the games were noteworthy for the nervy play of Knapp in bringing a number of them from love up to deuce. The score indeed hardly gives an idea of the stubborn fight which characterized the match from the first to the very last stroke. Hovey was doing some terrible smashing at about this time, while Knapp was lobbing to good effect, indeed he would have done well to keep Hovey more in the back of the court, and both men were returning balls that seemed absolutely out of reach. On the fourth set Hovey's play dropped off considerably, and his "drives into the net" score was increased largely. Knapp was doing cool steady work, and finally won the set—6-2. This made two sets all, and every one conceded the match to Knapp, arguing that the fourth set had shown Hovey to be tiring, and Knapp's well-known endurance would pull off the fifth and deciding set. Knapp's friends are still looking for that "weakness" which never came. Hovey went into the fifth set as though the match had just begun, and in a short time had the score, 4-2, but Knapp did some extraordinary up-hill work, and, winning three straight games, made the score 5-4. Hovey secured the vantage game finally, and after very close, exciting play, the set—7-5. The retirement of Knapp on the preliminary round was extremely disappointing, as he was one of the possible winners of the All Comers.

THE SECOND GREAT SURPRISE, and altogether the most astonishing event of the tournament (up to date, August 23d), was the defeat of R. P. Huntington, Jun. by S. T. Chase, the Western champion, on Thursday. As a matter of fact, although Chase put up an astonishingly good game, and fully deserved the victory he won, it is one of those unaccountable things that occur now and then, and will hardly change the relative ranking of the two men. It was most unfortunate, as Huntington was one of the probable winners of the All Comers, and many considered his chance of defeating Campbell better than that of any other player. Huntington was out of form, lobbing too low and driving ball after ball out of the court. Chase really played all around him, and put up the game of his life.

BY FAR THE GREATEST MATCH of the first week was that between P. S. Sears and Hovey, also on Thursday. No one expected Sears, after the form Hovey had shown, to make so good a fight, and it was probably the greatest game of tennis up to that day either had played. From the very start Mr. Sears played a beautiful game, his side-line placing being very clever, and his lobbing extremely well judged and effective. He won the first set after five games all had been called, and when he likewise captured the second—6-3—Hovey's chances for reaching the final round were considered rather dubious. It was just at this time that Hovey pulled himself together, and began the up-hill performance of winning three straight sets, which settled, in my mind, his right to both sand and endurance. He put on a spurt in the third set which finally won it for him, and then both men braced themselves for the fourth, which was to be really the deciding one of the match. Sears exhibited great skill in driving his balls just over the net, and, on their return, lobbing them into the back of his opponent's court; what with lobbing and side-line placing, he kept Hovey on a continuous run, which must have worn the man out had he not been in exceptional form. Hovey's play was calculated to give his friends heart-disease. He would win two or three games by the most brilliant play imaginable, returning balls that none but a sprinter and one with a dead sure stroke could hope to handle, he would follow this by missing some of the easiest strokes, when the score would go to deuce, then vantage, back to deuce, etc., until the life of the on-looker became one drawn-out series of nervous shocks bordering on hysteria.

SEARS IN THE MEAN TIME was playing pretty tennis, and I noticed, by-the-way, that he went to the net much more frequently than formerly; his lobbing was fine. Hovey, be it said, plays considerable of a net game, and when he becomes steadier, he will make a dangerous opponent to O. S. Campbell. Indeed he is following very much in Mr. Campbell's footsteps, and it would be highly interesting to see what they would do against one another in a match. Hovey drives many balls into the net now through his attempt to play that style of game. In running up he doesn't get close enough to the net, and in the attempt to volley, nine times out of ten sends the ball into the net. The fourth set required 24 games to settle it, and when the men retired for the 7-minute rest with the score 2 all, the chances on the deciding set were considered about even. It proved, however, quite the reverse. Hovey quickly ran the score to 4-0, and won with 6-2, Sears appearing to have lost his grip. To a certain extent this was practically true, as he had been troubled with cramps in his arm throughout the last two sets. It was not likely he could have won even with his arm at its best, skilful as his game was. Hovey's, if it held up, was the winning one. It was the longest match on record—3 hours and 5 minutes—and the best up to this writing. The analysis of the match is: Placed balls—Hovey, 81; Sears, 64. Drives out of court—Hovey, 67; Sears, 68. Drives into net—Hovey, 77; Sears, 65. Faults—Hovey, 5; Sears, 4. Total points—Hovey, 219; Sears, 213. Score—5-7, 3-6, 6-2, 13-12, 6-2.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT MATCH resulted from the meeting on Friday morning of Clarence Hobart and E. L. Hall. The latter has made most remarkable improvement in his play this season, but he never played to better advantage than in this game. He started out with considerable confidence, taking the lead with a 3-1 score, and winning the set—6-3. He likewise took the lead in the second set, but Hobart braced up, and passing him at four game all by some beautiful cross court passing succeeded in taking the set. Hobart had to this time exhibited considerable nervousness, and was driving a great many balls into the net and out of court; he was likewise unfortunate in the judgment of his lobs, which more often than not went out of court. I noticed too, as I said some weeks ago was likely to be the case, that the turf court was more or less bothering to Hobart on his particular driving stroke. The balls failed to bound high enough, which doubtless accounted for many of those driven into the net. Otherwise Hobart's play was all that could be desired, especially in the last two sets; he put terrific pace on the ball, and made some of the prettiest cross court placing ever seen at Newport. As for Hall, his showing was astonishing; he did some excellent net-work; in fact, played a strong all-round game, and quite rivalled Hovey in returning difficult balls. Mr. Hall has every reason to be satisfied—indeed, highly elated—with his '91 tennis record; it was not expected he would win from Mr. Hobart. Score, 3-6, 6-4, 11-9, 6-4.

ON AN ADJOINING COURT V. G. Hall and S. T. Chase were contesting a match which developed the best game I have ever seen the former play. He put up a very strong all-round game, playing in the back court considerably, where he lobbed with a great deal of judgment; when he did work his way to the net, he volleyed unerringly, and with as much speed as Campbell. As I am writing, he is left in the semi-finals to contest with Hobart on Monday (August 24th, while we are on the press) which one of them is to meet Hovey for the All Comers. I should be greatly astonished if he defeated Hobart (and if he did, it is my opinion that Hovey would in turn defeat him), but he will compel Mr. Hobart to play tennis from start to finish. Chase played a good game, but he was not "in it." On still another adjoining court A. W. Post was playing the game of his life against Hovey, and his work deserves especial mention. Mr. Post has not heretofore been classed with the upper ten, but if he puts up a few more games like that of last Friday, he is likely to find a place very shortly. Hovey played a hard smashing game against him, placing down the lines effectively, but Post was clever in returning balls from all over the court, and lobbed with great judgment. He won the first and third set, but in the fifth he seemed to have completely stiffened up, for he was unable to secure a single point.

Table and complete comment published next week.

THE death of Herbert Mapes, who was drowned while bathing in the surf at Fire Island, deprives amateur athletics of a young gentleman who not only broke records, but who made new ones for fairness, courtesy, and true sportsman-like feeling on the cinder track. The least that can be said of him is that he showed great prowess as an athlete. He was besides and above that a young man with a high social training, an education, and a future. And he gave up this that he might be fifty yards further from shore than his companions. It hardly seems worth the risk.

He had before him the deaths of Shaw of Harvard, Lamar of Princeton, and Frederick Brokaw, all trained athletes of reputation, all good swimmers. He had also the warning that is given daily in the papers of the sudden deaths of those who are, because they swim well, careless and over-confident.

There are some young men who can weigh the satisfaction of going out to sea a little further than the next man against their life's work. Mapes was not one of these.

He has brought sudden and lasting sorrow to his people, to a host of friends known and unknown, and cut off a life that was meant to be and would have been of use and of worth. And all of this would not have happened if he had taken the lesson of the Atlantic coast to heart, and remained within reach of aid. It is a hard thing to say, but the lesson the death of this last victim teaches will not be wasted if it shows others that their lives are not their own, and that it is criminal to risk them for the sake of a half-hour's pleasure.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.